

# The TATLER

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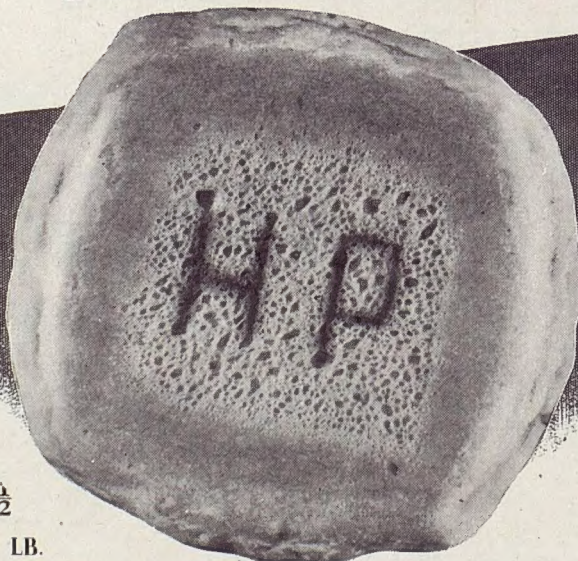
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# THE TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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**"I Want People To Laugh"**

**That Is Why Charlie Chaplin Made  
"The Great Dictator"**

Not for propaganda, not even to make money, did Charlie Chaplin write, direct, finance and star in the film he hopes will be judged his greatest. "I made *The Great Dictator*," he has said, "because I hate dictators and because I want people to laugh." To him, as to all dispassionate observers, the posturing self-glorification of dictators is like a comical balloon that in an ideal world would be deflated by ridicule instead of having to be brought low at the price of men's lives. So Chaplin burlesques Hitler ("the best target in the world," he says, "for satire and ridicule") and doubles the role with that of a Jewish barber who looks like the dictator, but has the heart of a peaceful, obscure citizen of any country's back streets. More about *The Great Dictator*, which will be shown soon at three West End theatres, on pages 387-9





# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## On the Slippery Slope

**S**HADES of Stresa. . . . It was there that the Italian trouble started in 1935, and who shall say that Sir John Simon and the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald did not make their contribution to it. Envisaging the new World War in which we are now engulfed, that three-Power conference was convened to establish a basis of Anglo-Franco-Italian collaboration "to stop Germany." The British experts attending knew full well that Mussolini's price was Abyssinia and the delegation from London was selected and briefed with that knowledge.

When it came to the point Sir John Simon declined to raise this burning issue. To do so, he said, would have been to introduce a discordant note into a gathering notable for its harmony. And Signor Grandi, then Italian Ambassador to London, who attended the conference, was soundly smacked by Mussolini because he had warned that Britain would wish to question the Duce on his intentions towards Abyssinia when, in fact, they did no such thing.

Encouraged by British silence Mussolini stepped forth bravely on to the slope which was destined to carry him at breakneck speed towards his final crash. Sanctions, inevitably imposed by the League of Nations, if they did not drive him into the arms of Germany, at least left him no other bourne to which he might turn. In each succeeding year he has plunged deeper into the mire until today his eclipse appears inevitable.

## The Grand Finale

**A**T various stages in the events which have followed we have been asked to take care lest Mussolini, alive to his desperate plight,

might not bring the whole European house down with him in flames which would make his funeral pyre memorable. As things have turned out he can hardly claim the honours. Europe is already aflame and it is for Hitler, who started the fire, to determine whether the flames should now engulf all the Balkan States and destroy the house that Mussolini built. Benito himself, so far as I can see, has made the crowning blunder of his recently ill-ordered life and Italy has neither the enthusiasm nor the ability to assist him in staging a come-back.

But we may ask ourselves whether, by his latest excursion, Mussolini has not encompassed the downfall of his senior partner, Hitler. Indeed, it cannot be excluded that he has engineered a situation in which the Allies might think it worth while to buy him out of the war. In that way—and in that way alone—Benito might save the Fascist regime. The Italian people, after all, have only one war aim—to get out of the war at the earliest possible moment.

## Importance of Lisbon

**F**ROM time to time I have suggested in these notes that Lisbon was becoming one of the most important diplomatic centres in Europe. Latest information tends to strengthen that conviction. While it is now admitted that Sir Samuel Hoare, as British Ambassador to Madrid, has become the normal channel of communication between London and Vichy, Sir Ronald Campbell, now appointed to succeed Sir Walford Selby in Lisbon, may well become the intermediary between the Allies and the Axis—ably assisted by Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese Premier.

There is little doubt, I think, that the more

intelligent men in Hitler's entourage now recognise that Germany has practically no hope of winning the war outright. Even to capitalise on the successes so far gained in Europe has been made infinitely more difficult by Mussolini's gambit across the Adriatic. The sole chance remaining is to eliminate Britain before the United States can work up a sufficient volume of support to be decisive.

Goering may still believe that this can be done. For the sake of his own prestige, if for nothing else, it is vital that Germany should regain and retain the initiative against this country. He is, after all, the successor-designate to Hitler, and his hold over the German people is necessarily dependent on his ability to deliver the goods. But Hitler, quite obviously, is pursuing a different strategy. His aim is to do the job by kindness. And Hitler is still "the head man." So long as he retains the loyalty of Himmler, chief of the Gestapo, Goering must stand in constant danger of being "purged"—like Roehm and his friends when they threatened to become too powerful.

## When Boris Declined

**B**ULGARIA'S refusal to join the Triple Alliance was recognised last week as an event of some importance. It was particularly interesting in view of the fact that King Boris had so recently returned from Germany where he had had an interview with Hitler. To those who had inside knowledge of what had been going on, this unexpected announcement suggested that Anglo-Turkish diplomacy, backed on this occasion by Russia, and given point by the operations of the Royal Navy and Air Force in defence of Greece, had proved more convincing than that of Berlin.

Turkey, through her Minister in Sofia and the medium of frank newspaper articles, had made clear beyond all reasonable doubt that she would fall upon the Bulgarian rear if that country tried to take advantage of Greek military preoccupations elsewhere with the object of securing a foothold on the Aegean. Russia had also advised King Boris to think several times before throwing in his lot with the Axis.

M. Molotov, just back from his visit to Berlin, from which very little of practical value seems to have resulted, instructed the Soviet news



Shopkeeping for the Red Cross

Nina Countess Granville has just opened a Bond Street shop in aid of the Red Cross. Here she and Miss Margaret Walker (left), Red Cross Commandant, were sorting some of the stock. This consists of gifts made to the Red Cross, and includes goods of all prices. The shop (at 17 Old Bond Street) is a successor of the famous Shepherd's Market Bazaar of the last war which made £50,000 for the Red Cross



Lunching in Honour of Norwegians

Air Commodore A. C. Critchley (better known in pre-war days as Brigadier-General Critchley) and Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., were neighbours at the Overseas League Luncheon for representative Norwegians in London. Last June Mr. Baxter was appointed to control aircraft factory operations by Lord Beaverbrook, for whom he worked for so many years on the "Sunday" and "Daily Express"



agency to deny bluntly that Hungary had adhered to the Triple Alliance pact with the previous knowledge and approval of Russia. This was an oblique way of saying that Moscow had declined to enter into any agreement with Berlin on the further division of the Balkans into spheres of interest. Indeed, it is unlikely that Berlin was prepared to recognise any Russian interest west of the Black Sea.

#### *De Gaulle and Weygand*

By their broadcasts and other propaganda activities the Free French leaders have definitely forced the Vichy Government on to the defensive. This note runs clearly through all the publications controlled by the Pétain Government. It has also been found necessary to send the old marshal on a number of trips so that he may show himself and, by the appeal of the venerable soldier, whip up the flagging support which his regime commands.

General Weygand meantime remains in his tent in Africa. It is still too early to predict with absolute confidence the coming course of French affairs. Suffice to remember for the moment that Weygand does not share the anti-British views of Laval and is the obvious head of a new French Government whenever the moment comes for a change. Undoubtedly Weygand would raise his standard in Algeria, which is part of Metropolitan France, and would again take up arms in defence of the French Empire.

One can see the difficulties which this might raise for General de Gaulle, who has borne the heat and burden of the difficult days since the Armistice. Most people would agree that de Gaulle would be entitled to the post of commander-in-chief under a Weygand



#### *Big Buyer*

*This black-browed, shrewd-looking man is Mr. A. B. Purvis, Chairman of the British Purchasing Commission in New York. He has been home on a short visit to report on the £600,000,000 worth of aeroplanes, ships, tanks, guns and other munitions for which orders have been placed in the U.S. He said if he were a German he would be very worried about the flow of aircraft to this country, and "very uncomfortable" about next year's probable supply*

Government and I have no doubt that he would be willing to serve in such a capacity.

#### *Prudent Counsel*

ON his return to England after his West African adventures he had a long talk with Mr. Churchill. After an exchange of views on the Dakar fiasco and some discussion of the economic situation in French Africa, we may imagine that the Prime Minister dropped a hint or two on the desirability of healing the breach which has grown up between de Gaulle and Weygand.

A useful rôle will now be played by M. Palewski, who was chef de cabinet to M. Paul Reynaud at the Ministry of Finance, and is an old friend of General de Gaulle. For some weeks M. Palewski, in the uniform of the French Armée de l'Air, has been kicking his heels in London awaiting the return of his new chief. He was anxious to fly immediately to West Africa so that he might see de Gaulle at the earliest opportunity. But the British Government was not able to provide the necessary transport.

This still quite young man has a marked flair for politics and diplomacy. He should be able to supply something important which hitherto General de Gaulle has lacked, namely, a prudent counsellor where matters other than the purely military are concerned. We may also hear something of the Comte de Paris in the not far distant future. He, too, should be able to make a useful contribution towards the rebirth of France.

#### *Credits When Wanted*

SOME people were slightly shocked by Lord Lothian's blunt statement on arrival back in the United States that Britain would not be able to continue indefinitely the purchase of American armaments on a cash and carry basis. Now it is generally agreed that he was right to set this particular ball rolling.

*(Continued on page 414)*



#### *Canteens for the L.C.C.*

*The first unit of a gift of mobile canteens for London people rendered homeless by air raids was handed over by the British Legion, Women's Section. Mr. A. Emil Davies, Chairman of the L.C.C., received the gift on behalf of his Council from Major J. Brunel Cohen, Hon. Treasurer of the British Legion, and Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, Chairman of the Women's Section of the Legion, who made the presentation*



#### *Canteens for the Y.M.C.A.—and a Badge for the King*

*When a fleet of mobile canteens, which are being given to the Y.M.C.A. by the trade union movement, were inspected by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, the King received the gold badge of the T.U.C. from Mr. George Gibson, Chairman of the T.U.C. General Council. Mr. Gibson told the King, while the Queen looked on at the presentation, that the badge would be an "open sesame" if His Majesty were ever disposed to visit the Congress*



# Rush Hour for Restaurants: Some Lunch-time Snapshots



## Veils

Lady Pamela Berry and Lady Diana Duff Cooper, furred and veiled, had been lunching together at the Ritz. Lady Pamela Berry and her brother, Lord Birkenhead, both married children of Lord Camrose; her husband, the Hon. Michael Berry, is Lord Camrose's second son, and a director of the "Financial Times"



## Ex-Actress

Mrs. Vivian Cornelius, another West End luncher last week, was formerly Jessica Brown, the actress. She divorced her first husband, the Earl of Northesk, in 1928, and married Vivian Cornelius a year or so afterwards



## Young Marrieds

Lunch companions at the Dorchester were Mrs. George Courtauld and the Hon. Mrs. Davies. The former was Claudine Booth before she married Mr. René Courtauld's son, has two sons herself. Mrs. Davies is Lord Brougham and Vaux's sister, was married last August



## New Arrival

Miss Barbara Hubbard, with her mother, Mrs. Strickland Hubbard, and Mrs. Claude Leigh here, has just arrived from America, by Clipper and cargo boat, to work in her mother's canteen at Hyde Park Corner. During her four weeks' voyage in convoy from Lisbon she saw a U-boat sunk



## Uniforms

Wearing neat uniforms, Mrs. Breitmeyer and Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham arrived together at the Dorchester. Mrs. Smith Bingham wears the Y.M.C.A. badge on her sleeve. Before the war she and her husband spent most of their time racing, and both had some good horses in training



## Engaged

A young engaged couple who had lunch together at the Ritz one fine day last week were Second Lieutenant Brian Kent and Miss Carol Houston. Mr. Kent is in the Welsh Guards



## Norwegian Luncheon

Prince Olaf, Crown Prince of Norway, was the guest of honour at the Overseas Luncheon at which many distinguished Norwegians were present. He was in the grey-green uniform of a full general, and made an excellent speech in very fluent English. General Fleischer is Commander-in-Chief of the Norwegian Army in England, and Admiral Diesen commands the sea and land forces whose ships and men are attached to the Royal Navy. The two latter were drinking cocktails with Mrs. Tiarks and Mrs. Elliott Ware



Mrs. Tiarks, Mrs. Ware, General Fleischer, Admiral Diesen

The Crown Prince of Norway



H.E. The Norwegian Minister

M. Colban, who was sitting next to Sir Victor Warrender, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, at the Overseas League Luncheon, told the guests that Norway is making an ever-increasing resistance to the German domination of their country



The Minister of Shipping

The Rt. Hon. Ronald Cross, M.P., Minister of Shipping, sat next to Mme. Colban, the wife of the Norwegian Minister. She has been busy working for her compatriots for many months, and operates a sock-making machine at the depot of the Norway Relief Fund



Norwegian Minister Without Portfolio

M. Arne Sunde, Minister Without Portfolio in the Norwegian Government, who had some amusing stories to tell about Hitler and Mussolini, sat next to beautiful Mrs. Charles Sweeny. Her husband's uncle, Group Captain Charles Sweeny, organiser of the American Eagle Squadron, has just arrived in Canada, but would not disclose the reason for his visit



Socialist M.P. for West Fulham

Captain T. E. Jacobsen found his luncheon partner, Dr. Edith Summerskill, most interesting. She is Socialist Member for West Fulham; a member of the Minister of Food's Consultative Council, and an expert shot with a rifle. She scored seven "bulls" at the rifle range under the House of Lords to establish her right to join the Parliamentary Home Guard



# The Cinema

## Two Good Things: By James Agate

IF there is one film of which I am more tired than of any other it is that dreary exposition of how two people can be in love with one another without knowing it. Shakespeare began it with Beatrice and Benedick, and it looks like going on for ever.

I can understand young people putting up with all these linked acerbities long drawn out, as Milton so nearly wrote. Most young cinemagoers are lovers who may not yet enjoy their bliss and for them it is only fitting that screen lovers should also bide their time. But what have middle-aged filmgoers to do with procrastination? Let it not be so infernally protracted, say we, and let us see what happens after bickering has turned to billing and cooing.

Does it, perchance, become bickering again? It has always been in my mind that Beatrice and Benedick, once safely married, quarrelled more vigorously than they ever did before.

And as for the Petrucchio menage it is a pleasing fancy of mine that one day Kate threw her morning cup of tea at her spouse's head and was carried in her shift down into the courtyard and deposited in the horse trough with the grooms looking on. Were I a Royal academiciast I should paint the scene, and immerse the lady in a chaste thirteenth-century trough, with libidinous grooms grinning a fourteenth-century grin, and a Rabelaisian fifteenth-century horse looking on.

AT the Odeon, *Hired Wife* is made bearable by two things—the acting of Rosalind Russell and the personality of Robert Benchley.

Of Russell one would like to write as Montague wrote of Irene Vanbrugh in the long ago: "She is far the best of English actresses in expressing a certain kind of salt, sane, wayward honesty of ill-will and gener-

osity, the temper that jumps in a semi-calculative way up and down the whole scale of equity and magnanimity, from uncompromisingly Mosaic doctrines of an eye for an eye to super-Christian prodigies of self-sacrifice."

It may be said of the cinema with even more force than of the theatre, that "the whole theory of retaliatory justice, with its set contracts and its spirit of fat, triumphant repartee, is much more easily dramatised than the mild blond sort of moral beauty that answereth not again." The foregoing quite perfectly describes Rosalind Russell who does not pretend, thank heaven, to be a conventional beauty, one for whom a kind of terminal comeliness shall be claimed; in plain, brutal English this gifted player has a mind as shapely as her legs and a wit as pointed as her heels.

"I suppose you think Dorothy is cheap and nasty," says the husband in this film. "Not cheap!" replies Rosalind, and it needs very little effort on my part to put this riposte back into the nineties and the mouth of Sophie Fullgarney: "Not cheap, my lord, not cheap!"

I AM in a little difficulty about Brian Aherne's performance, which in no way corresponds to Russell's. Surely what was called for was flint striking against flint, and not against quite so much woodenness as Aherne is master of?

I find no spark of vivacity or lightness in this actor, who was born to play Dobbin, and since Thackeray is not the screen mode, is the legitimate and natural successor to Nigel Bruce, whenever a successor to that sterling actor shall be called for. Indeed the time is now, since years and girth alike forbids my old friend to play the stolid, stupid lover any more.

Here then is Aherne's chance. Let him embrace woodenness and make a virtue of it. And let him be the butt of wits and not attempt to be a witty butt, which is not in the nature of things and would take a ten times better actor than Aherne can reasonably dream of being.

ODDLY enough this film contains such an actor—in the person of Robert Benchley. If, indeed, the performance put up be acting at all.

That which Montague wrote of Irene Vanbrugh holds true of Benchley: "Like Irving and Bernhardt she can shout through a door into a passage in a way that turns scenery real, or sit dead still in a room full of people and turn the rest into mere faint sketches, so importunate is the sense she conveys of the greater authenticity and vehemence of her own emotions."

So with Benchley, who in this film has little to do except appear at a window and shout through it, or drop off to sleep in a room in which a pair of quarrelsome lovers are going at it hammer and tongs. Whereupon they are at once turned into unimportant, secondary characters, so strong is the impression one receives of his greater authenticity and life-likeness.

IN a sense Benchley has destroyed another authenticity—we shall no longer believe him when he writes about the theatre.

There was once a musical critic—wild horses will not drag from me his name—who committed the imprudence of appearing at a musical festival and performing in person and with his own ten fingers, a piano concerto with orchestra. It was a huge success.

But the moment X had shaken hands with the conductor his reputation as a critic began to fade. What right had he to set up as a judge of other pianists? How could he see the wood of some other artist's rendering through the trees of his own pianism? And so on and so forth. And as Y and Z, who could not even get the best out of a pianola, increased in reputation, so poor X lost, and is now known as the man who brought about his own ruin through dabbling in an art from which as a critic he should have remained obstinately aloof.

Let me put it another way. What would be thought of me if I were so rash as to appear on the stage? Would actors tumble at my approach? Would actresses in this restaurant or that desist in their dabbings and pencilings, and wait with suspended hand and half-moistened eyebrow until I had passed safely by? No. I should suddenly become a player like themselves, and therefore not competent to know anything about the art of acting. As a critic I should cease to exist.

SO Benchley, who for me exists no longer as a critic, or as a writer on any subject.

He is become, from now onwards, the perfect actor, the secret of whose perfection is never to be revealed. Not by me lest, being told how it is done, he might cease to do it. Nor can he instruct himself in his own perfection, since I have proved that as a critic he is now beneath consideration.



Rosalind Russell

Two things made "*Hired Wife*" bearable for Mr. Agate—one of them was the acting of Miss Russell, the secretary-heroine. Pictures of this film in last week's issue



Robert Benchley and Brian Aherne

The other thing which reconciled our critic to "*Hired Wife*" was the personality of Robert Benchley, who acts every one except Rosalind Russell out of the picture. To Aherne, Mr. Agate suggests that he should henceforth model himself on Nigel Bruce and make woodenness a virtue



## Heroes and Heroines Of Three New Hollywood Films



### Religion and Marriage:

Joan Crawford and Fredric March

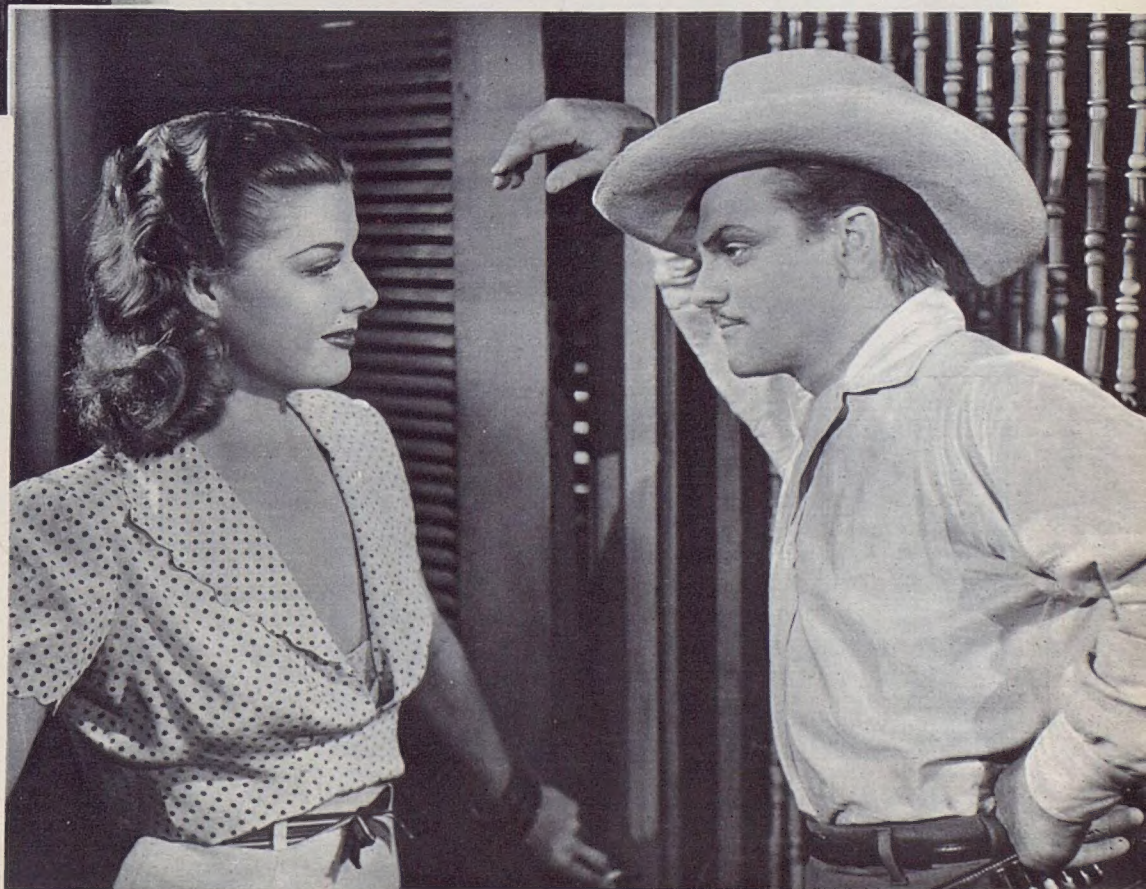
"The Gay Mrs. Trexel" was adapted by Anita Loos from Rachel Crother's play "Susan and God," in which Gertrude Lawrence played on Broadway. Now Joan Crawford is the frivolous wife who comes back from Europe saying she has "discovered God," and Fredric March is her drunken, unhappy husband. Rita Quigley is their debutante daughter. The story runs through a summer of Long Island parties and love-affairs and ends with Mr. and Mrs. Trexel in each other's arms, sincerely intending to start again. George Zukor directed. At the Empire since Friday

"Torrid Zone" has a tropical fruit-plantation setting, makes James Cagney into a plantation boss, Ann Sheridan into a song-and-dance girl, and gives a third big part, as a tough guy, to Pat O'Brien. There's some rioting, some shooting, some blowing-up of trains, but the end is love, as usual, with Miss Sheridan and Mr. Cagney "heading for a long married life in the tropics." William Keighley directed. At the Warner Theatre since Friday



### Comedy in Paris: Melvyn Douglas and Loretta Young

"He Stayed for Breakfast" is about a waiter in a Paris café (Melvyn Douglas) who can't stand one of his patrons (Eugene Pallette), especially when the latter crooks his little finger drinking coffee. The patron's wife is Loretta Young. The plot whirls dizzily through a shooting, the political underworld, police searches, arrests, escapes. Finally the waiter and the patron's wife, in love of course, set out for America together. Sidney Howard adapted the story from the French play "Liberté Provisoire"; Alexander Hall directed. At the Regal since Friday



### Drama in the Tropics: Ann Sheridan and James Cagney



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Hands Across the Sea

THE Overseas League Welcome Committee keeps on to its job, and our Allies from the Empire and everywhere else are busily welcomed by it. There have been two large luncheons lately, one to the New Zealanders over here, another to the Norwegians.

Crown Prince Olaf came to the latter, and was received by Lady Lucas and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., who is chairman of the committee. There were lots of people to welcome him and his staff and representatives of the Norwegian forces, including quite a family party of Lord and Lady Iveagh and their daughter Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, and sons-in-law Messrs. Alan Lennox-Boyd and "Chips" Channon.

Lord Croft made a sonorous speech, and the Crown Prince a very excellent one in his perfect English. Sir Jocelyn spoke amusingly, and Lady Lucas, whose black monkey-fur lapels were a good note, sat between Lord Croft and Mr. W. S. ("Shakes") Morrison, who is a delightful person, and had just got back from Wales, whose mountains must be a good Blitz antidote—even a land-mine could do little to accentuate the ruggedness of those slopes.

Sir Victor Warrender was there, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, she in wine

colour and (I think) chunks of cornelian. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Cross appeared—he is Minister for Shipping, no longer Economic Warfare, to which I attributed him the other day—also Colonel Wouters, the Belgian Attaché, the Norwegian Minister and Mme. Colban, and General Fleischer, C-in-C. Norwegian Forces.

## New Zealand

SCENERY and salmon-fishing are one's mental notes about this small and shapely portion of the world map, but we are now becoming increasingly familiar with its splendid inhabitants, a race of bronzed Ethel M. Dell heroes, and not so silent at that, in spite of their strength. My neighbours had recently maintained a three-day birthday party, without paling noticeably beneath their tan. I was a little bewildered by the form at first, having made the extraordinary mistake of mixing up the Norwegian lunch with the New Zealand, so that I kept being tremendously impressed by the fluent English of all around.

W. W. Wakefield represented the Air Ministry, but is better known to New Zealanders as captain of the English International Rugby team. General Sir Alexander Godley, who was C-in-C. New Zealand Forces in the last war, proposed a toast, and said that the only way to make the modern soldier march was to drive him fifteen miles in a lorry and make him walk back.

Brigadier Hargest replied for the New Zealanders, and others there were the High Commissioner for New Zealand and Mrs. Jordan, and the High Commissioner for North Africa and Mrs. Waterson.

The New Zealanders and South Africans get on very well together, and, as usual, there were a number of Ministers and Members of Parliament and of the Forces present, including representatives from Australia House and Canada House.

Captain Cook, from the Admiralty, was at both lunches, and is very nice. Another jolly sailor is Lieut. Maitland - Makgill-Crichton, such a gay, euphonious name.

## Country Sunday

MR. and Mrs. Paddy Bellew have the nicest house that has ever been seen, on the edge of Windsor Great Park. They keep, rear and nurture copious ducks and geese, and have some very individual dogs. Petain, chien de Vichy, is a French bulldog, representing all

that is regrettable in the French character, and very easily over-excited. Loofah is a vast white poodle of the utmost elegance, suggesting nothing less exotic than Auteuil and the Bois, while Hamlet, a black poodle, has been ruthlessly Anglicised, trimmed à la fox-terrier, and is truculent to match, so that he even permitted himself to bite Petain, which showed that he is not a true Englishman, who, after all, would not be caddish in quite that way.

Mrs. Bellew was Miss Moya Beresford, and her father, Lord Decies, was there, in great form. Mr. "Babe" Barnato has a house quite near, and had ridden over for drinks on a horse, while his daughter, the lovely Miss Diana Barnato, and several other people had come on bicycles and in cars.

One of the most delightful features of the house are the litters of china pigs all over the drawing-room carpet.

## Fascinating Personality

MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY has only to be seen to be enjoyed, and fun always seems to be imminent when she is around. Among her always outstanding performances, her three Awful Children stand out furthest—first, the one in *When Crumplies Played*, the lovely Nigel Playfair production ages ago at Hammersmith; then *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, at the Gate (how she mouthed and goggled beneath her golden wig and above her lace collar, lolling impartially against "Dearust" and the Earl); and last, the monstrous infant who had to win at "Musical Chairs" in the Little Revue.

Out last week among a crowd of uniforms, she grandly introduced her fiancé and her boy friend, undoubtedly the envy of all.

## Raging Trousers

SOON it will be considered quite outré for a woman to appear in a skirt, and noses will turn up at anyone who does such a thing, while mutters will go round that no lady would put herself in such an indelicate situation. Mink coats and eye-veils are no guarantee against sturdily trousered extremities.

There have always been trousered freaks; and, of course, trousers have their suitable environments and accessories, but it seems one of the worst features of the war that they should become general, spread to les grandes dames, and mix themselves up with all the more endearing femininities like furs and diamonds. Why not spurs with silk stockings and sandals? Or flying-helmets with chiffon?

Even if necessary in shelters, the shelter habit has its limits, and should not be intruded into private life. Like smoking in Victorian days, trousers should only be indulged in in special places.

## Horse Laugh

IF it didn't actually laugh, I saw a big roan van-horse smile, in Ave Maria Lane, off Ludgate Hill. Its custodian was proudly encouraging it, and soliciting the admiration of passers-by while waiting for a load in the said devotional-sounding lane.

It reminded me of all the favourite French posters, the memory of which is all we shall have for a bit, like "La Vache qui Rit" (first and only obvious connection, though the rest that follow are even more favourite), "Si Vous Aviez un Peugeot," "Allez-vous donc au Monte Carlo Beach" (to which the subsequent "Pernod Fils" always seemed the most fitting reply), and those red-and-white silhouettes of gentlemen in nightshirts, carrying candles, and advertising either something called St. Raphael, or Quinquina, unless those are the same thing.



Married: Miss Susan Bligh and Major Stirling

Major William Stirling of Keir, Scots Guards, is the eldest son of the late Brig.-Gen. Stirling of Keir, and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, and cousin of Lord Lovat. Susan Bligh is the younger daughter of Major the Hon. Noel Bligh, and the late Mrs. Bligh, and a niece of the Earl of Darnley. They were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens





**Ladies of the Committee**

A hard-working committee organised a dance at St. Boswell's in aid of the British Red Cross and Prisoners of War Funds. Miss Sanderson, Lady Mary Egerton, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. C. Riddell-Carre were some who helped. Lady Mary Egerton is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, and sister of Viscount Brackley, a Sec.-Lieut. in the Lothian and Border Horse, who is now a prisoner of war in Germany.



**Charity Ball Party in Scotland**

Mr. Charles Murray, Lady Bridget Elliot, Captain Balfour, Lady Mary Greaves and Mr. Charles Cavendish were in a party at the buffet dance held at the Dryburgh Abbey Hotel, St. Boswell's, in aid of war charities. Lady Bridget Elliot is the nineteen-year-old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto. Lady Mary Greaves is the youngest daughter of the Countess of Dysart.

### Clocks and Trains

I THINK a great deal about clocks, more as objets d'art than anything else, as it never really matters what time it is—if one hurries, one is less late than otherwise, and actually *knowing* the time only confirms the worst—but a really spanking clock is a fine thing to see.

Some of those Victorian monsters that crouched, preferably under glass domes: vast huddles of female shapes, whose classical implications excused their bulging and comparatively undraped limbs, rearing horses, and so forth, might sometimes be picked up in the Caledonian Market in pre-war days. Sans works, a few shillings would secure a heaving mass of bronze or gilt suitable for young dentists about to equip their waiting-rooms, or Bloomsbury young women eager for the envy of their friends.

Now that so many public clocks have been stopped by the hurly-burly of bombing, it has been suggested that they should all be made to say the same thing, preferably twelve o'clock. Otherwise, people, flashing by in bus or taxi, are constantly shocked into supposing that they are being too soon or too late for their dates, with consequent damage to their morale.

Trains, of course, have got more Irish and less meticulous lately, but they still require a certain amount of timing. Do you remember when, in the Undergrounds, it used to say "Train passing such-and-such a station"? so that flocks of the uninitiated, wanting the station in question, herded in, and then scorched past their destination, foiled by the diabolical officials who had so ingeniously worded the notice? Now it simply reads, with proud simplicity, "Not stopping at ———."

### In Grosvenor Square

MRS. VIRGINIA DAUBENY has a nice flat in this posh district, and collected some people there last week for drinks. Mrs. Claude Leigh looked as smart as ever, and there was a pretty Mrs. Dennistoun-Sword, with her hair round her head in a plait. Mrs. Bellew-Norton was up from her Exmoor home, spending a few days at her Hill Street flat, braving the surrounding



**Sitting-out on the Stairs**

As the dance at Dryburgh Abbey Hotel was in aid of war funds, many large parties were brought from the neighbouring houses. Miss Jean Scott was sitting-out between dances with Mr. Charles Cavendish. She is the younger daughter of Sir Walter Constable-Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford.

debris, and Mrs. David Livingstone-Learmonth had to leave in the middle to catch a train to the country. Grosvenor Square is still comparatively pink in the face.

### Smellies and Feelies

IT says in the papers that a device has now been perfected for synchronising smells as well as sounds with the movies. In a wonderful book, published some years ago, called *Voyage to Puerilia*, Mr. Elmer Rice suggested "feelies" too as a possible development. Thus the audience would buck with the hero on his unwieldy bronco, and later be rewarded by the sensation of his rugged embrace: drift, frozen, in an open canoe down the mountain stream with the heroine, or sunbask with her, in a palm-leaf, on the desert island. And so on.

Mere smells are a feeble idea by comparison; still, they are a step in the right

direction. Rather an addition to the complications in the studio, though. Silence and stillness during shooting could be accompanied by no more reeking cups of strong Indian tea and Virginian cigarettes, and the cameramen and carpenters might have to forgo all sorts of favourite cachous and peppermint-drops.

Still, Art being what it is, a few trifling sacrifices will probably be welcomed by all, and young men, instead of inhaling the girl friend beside them, will in future be able to enjoy a succession of intriguing young women's fragrance, interspersed with bacon and eggs, visits to the farmyard, and refreshing blows along the seashore.

### After Dark

EVERYONE is very jolly when bumping about in the dark, and a walk around the town is as nice a way as any of putting in time until bedtime. There was an idea of visiting Westminster Abbey in the mysterious watches of the night, but if there is a way in we didn't find it. Only a lot of barbed wire, and uninviting red lights, behind which the monster crouched with conscious beauty, tricked out with a certain amount of scaffolding.

Very unlike a nightingale, a bell that had got short-circuited carried on alarming in Trafalgar Square, and sternly resisted the efforts of a posse of police to quiet it.

### Daring Suggestion

BRIGADIER MACPHERSON is a live-wire occupant of the War Office, and even seemed to think it might be able to withstand some gossipy bits without lasting damage to prestige.

Meanwhile, the Brigadier had lots of stories about goings-on outside the sacred office, including one about himself being kept outside, which is comforting proof of the vigilance of our splendid police. It seems he arrived one morning without his pass, and there he was. Nothing doing. In vain he recalled the long succession of morning greetings exchanged by himself and the constable, and, eventually losing faith in speech, pointed in dumb show to all his clustered badges of office. "Can't 'elp it, sir. Got to have a pass to get in here."



# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (Threshold)

ALTHOUGH a normal enough choice for an amateur society, *The Scarlet Pimpernel* is a surprising piece for a small professional and seemingly go-ahead play-producing organisation to tackle, and I couldn't help wondering all the afternoon why on earth the directors of the Threshold Theatre Club elected to tackle it.

Did they commercially expect an eager public to pour into Notting Hill to see Sir Percy Blakeney cribbed, cabined and confined in a nutshell of a theatre that would have killed Fred Terry's famous performance stone-dead on the first night? Or did they uncommercially feel that here was a stage classic which, like *The Wild Duck* or *Every Man in His Humour*, should be revived at intervals as a matter of theatrical self-respect, whatever the difficulties and whether the public came or not? Both these points of view seeming equally fantastic, there must, I am convinced, be a third which has escaped my cudgelled brain.

The explanation might be simple if I knew what the Threshold Theatre is meant

And I can say with no less confidence that this panache would not have been possible had not Mr. Terry been bone-sure that he was acting a thumping good part in a thumping good play. Fifth-rate plays like *The Bells* and *The Corsican Brothers* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which have become household words in consequence of first-rate performances, would never have lived if the actors who made them famous had not been persuaded that they were performing first-rate stuff.

It is, indeed, one of the actor's most important duties to be enthusiastic over the

Miss Marion Jennings, in Julia Neilson's old part, left it almost altogether. At the close of that so-affecting scene in which, despite his wife's advances, Sir Percy maintains the mask of indifference and reminds her that her guests await her, she did, on reaching the door, half-turn her head before making her exit.

But this is a play in which exits and entrances should be most definitely made. That half-turn of the head should have been a long and lingering look. While the struggle in the breast of Sir Percy should have been more poignantly exposed and more manfully suppressed.



A spot of blackmail: Chauvelin (Lionel Harris) and Lady Blakeney (Marion Jennings)



We poor exiles: the Countess de Tournai (Nancy Bayne) and daughter Suzanne (Estelle Murison)

play in which he is acting; for the time being, he must do his very best to "kid" himself; and valiant are the efforts made again and again in most unfavourable circumstances.

BUT how many of the company at the Threshold gave one the impression that they felt they had got hold of a real winner? Mr. Robert Eddison applied his sensitive intelligence to the business of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but we all know what comes of that, and what's wrong with a sow's ear, anyway? You must, as they say, take it or leave it, and Mr. Eddison—severely hampered, it must be acknowledged, by the fact that there really wasn't room to swing an aristocrat in—did rather incline to leave it.



Sketches by Sallon

That demmed elusive Pimpernel: Sir Percy Blakeney (Robert Eddison)

My general conclusion must be that Notting Hill was not the place and 1940 is not the time for a revival of this romantic fustian.

And if *The Wild Duck* and *Every Man in His Humour* don't seem very novel, I suggest that there are still many plays of original interest to which play-producing societies with the self-respect of the theatre at heart might well turn their attention. There is, for example, an excellent three-act Tchekov play which has never been presented in this country, entitled *That Worthless Fellow Platonov*. If ever I start a society, this will be high up on the list.

Still higher will be *Sir Thomas More*, which has never been presented in this country, in spite of the fact that experts in Elizabethan handwriting who have examined the manuscript pronounce that certain scenes are by Shakespeare. And a most beautiful and moving play this is.

Nor shall I forget that there are plays by Mr. Bernard Shaw which London has yet to do him the honour to attend. New works by Shaw, Shakespeare, Tchekov—that would be something of a programme.

Meanwhile, I think, *The Scarlet Pimpernel* could wait.

to stand on the threshold of, but unfortunately I don't, and the puzzle remains.

BEING old enough to have seen Fred Terry as the Scarlet Pimpernel, and young enough to remember it pretty vividly, I can say with some confidence that the success of his performance was largely due to its panache.





"I've Got the Deepest Shelter in Town"

## Magda Kun at the May Fair

Brightening the Blitz with  
Underground Cabaret

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



"Beware of the girl who drinks bitter,  
She's stronger than you—and much fitter"



"The Rumba Rumba Rum": Magda Kun, accompanied by Jack Jackson

Magda Kun, the vivacious Hungarian actress, who was the life and soul of the Criterion revue, *Come Out of Your Shell*, has become one of the most mischievous and popular cabaret artists. She made her debut in this form of entertaining at the May Fair and is now repeating her success there. This hotel is making a brave attack on the boredom of Blitz nights by giving cabaret entertainment in the underground garden restaurant, which is also an official shelter. Magda Kun's new song, "I've Got the Deepest Shelter in Town," is a daring invitation to join her in the aforesaid deep shelter, and includes topical references to Mr. Herbert Morrison and Sir John Anderson, the air-raid shelter kings



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

PANTOMIME is such a necessary adjunct to the grown-ups' enjoyment of what is called The British Christmas that in Birmingham they are going to fight black-out conditions by starting Boxing Day performances at 10.30 a.m. Whether this is a good hour for contemplating the torsos of principal boys we couldn't judge (a very light early breakfast might help), but the citizens of Birmingham are notoriously made of iron and many of them, no doubt, would even get up to go to church at that hour.

The nearest approach to morning pantomime endured by the Race so far is putting on evening dress at 4 p.m. to hear *The Ring*, which as pantomimes go is bigger and more deafening than anything Birmingham can produce, the Ride of the Valkyries in particular knocking Barnum and Sousa and Bertram Mills and a few munition factories combined for a row of glass Japanese dumb-bells.

THE deleterious effect of Wagner's more Nazified uproar impinging on a well-bred tympanum at this intempestive hour has often engaged our sympathetic attention at Covent Garden; the bloodshot eyes of dowagers from Belgravia and Campden Hill as they reel out, drunk with noise and sadism and lusting for vengeance, seem to us always to herald grim experiences for hapless young girls with pink shiny noses and round helpless blue eyes, who are hurled with an oath

into repulsive marriages, we guess, before the week is out. (How do you account otherwise for half the marriages you see?) Wagner should be indulged in only after a good dinner, and not even then.

Almost any theatrical show needs a resolute square meal beforehand; for which reason we praise and envy the Spaniards, whose leisurely theatres open perpetually at nine, or even later, and go on till after midnight. No playwright, not even Mr. ——— (name suppressed by Censor), can do much to you when your skin is full, and you can quote us as saying it.

## Gesture

ONE of the three major branches of the Celtic Nation, the populace of ancient Armor, is already annoying the conqueror, judging by a stern German Army order to the citizens of Brest prohibiting the throwing of things from windows when German officers and troops are passing. Even the three minor Celtic branches, the kindly but music-sodden Welch, the blackvised and enigmatic Cornish, and the dim and dubious Manx, cannot but glow at this, we imagine.

The militant Celt is very good at annoying conquerors, and it would not be surprising if the first serious intimations of revolt in France came from the Bretons, leading—or possibly simultaneous with—the Basques, and followed closely by the Burgundians, who used to be, and possibly still are, very full-blooded citizens indeed, full of pride, shrewdness, vainglory, songs, huge laughter, crude jests, rapacity, and the noblest wines in Christendom; not to speak of the unique carols of Guy Barozai, the only kind known which blend satire and devotion in equal quantities.

ON the other hand, it is not easy, alas, for the toughest populace to revolt against a modern oppressor. You could rise with pikes and muskets against troops similarly armed. How much can you do (unaided) against troops employing gas, machine-guns, tanks, and dive-bombers?



"You come along with me, Master George, and let the fairies make their own beds!"

## Interlude

BARRING its libellous reflection on a musician of high ideals and stainless character, we don't think this clerihew, now going the rounds, is without a certain rhythmic charm:

Bizet

Used to take girls for walks down  
the Champs-Élysées,

Whereas Gounod—  
Well, you know.

## Posy

EVERY now and again the B.B.C. boys suddenly produce something so miraculously good, like Vaughan Williams's "London" Symphony recently or Elgar's No. 2, that forgiveness, charity, and love well up like a great warm healing fountain in the bosoms of those who suffer from their attentions most.

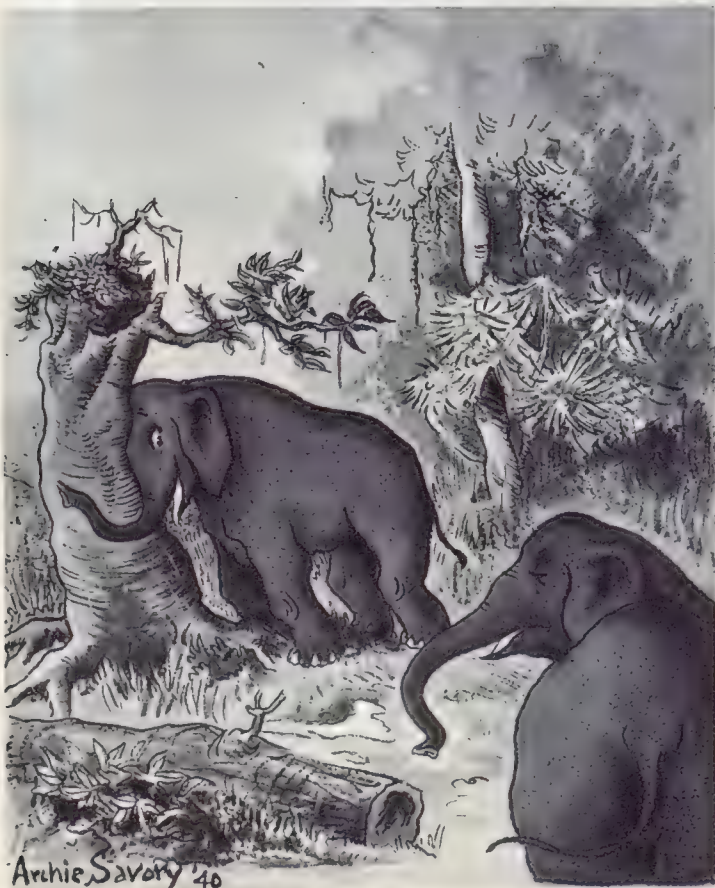
The other night they even gave George Butterworth's far-too-little-heard "Shropshire Lad" Symphony, for which we could personally have enfolded even the most pimply and odious of Talks organisers in a fraternal embrace, so much did its delicious shimmering melancholy move us.

It also moved us, next day, to ask a chap in high military circles who has recently been in Shropshire how the lads round the Wrekin are getting on. He said the local Home Guard are fine. Girlish throats nowadays go absolutely uncut (he said), homicide and crimes of passion are unknown, and if you give a love-stricken Shropshire lad a length of rope he stares at it in surprise and shambles off to tie something up with it, instead of fitting one end round his neck and the other to a high, handy nail.

THIS might not (we thought) have pleased the crusty and defeatist Cambridge don who first dragged Shropshire Lads into the limelight, but as very little in heaven or earth did please the said don no great harm would be done.

It might, indeed, have produced some sort of grunting apology to a county which never did Housman, that fine craftsman, any harm, and on which, if the legend is true, he picked by pure accident one day at teatime, using a pin and a map. He should have fleshed his morbid fancies on (say) Cornwall, where the dark inscrutable natives are so steeped in fatalism that they've even allowed the Newlyn School of painting to settle in their midst.

(Concluded on page 380)



Archie Savory '40

"Look, Alma, I'm a book-end!"



## Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Do yer reckon I got this sighted right, Mister Agamemnon?"



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Rally

HASTILY thumbing over their Loeb's ("just give my Loeb to Mother," as the dying Oxford don said when the Master of Belial knifed him) and other cribs, Auntie *Times's* boys have been going pretty strong lately with apt quotations from Demosthenes, Plato, Xenophon, the Greek Anthology, and chorus-endings from Euripides, arguing evidently that this will please and cheer the gallant Greeks, our allies. As it undoubtedly will, even if they don't understand very much of it, Classical Greek being to the average modern Greek, a knowledgeable chap once assured us, like Caedmon or Beowulf to a member of the Carlton Club.

Greek characters are still the same—though so far as we remember the modern Greeks have sensibly dropped that Alexandrian foolery of accents, which wouldn't have been much help with international products like Bongolene and Tumpo and Mickey Mouse—and they still pronounce much as the ancients pronounced. Or so this chap swore to us, and we forbore politely to inquire how the devil he knew how the ancient Greeks pronounced.

For one almost certain probability emerging from the welter of conjecture on this subject is that however the Greeks and Romans spoke their noble languages, the modern attempts of dons have little more in common with either than the chattering of glandered apes. (Borneo papers please copy.)

INCIDENTALLY the only British poet to drop into Modern Greek, so far, is Byron, and he, a Greek once told us, got it wrong ("Zoë mou," etc.). But the Greeks still idolise Byron in spite of it, which shows that it's the spirit that counts, as the actress said to the stockbroker when she got the beautiful Woolworth pendant.

## Afterthoughts

HAVING shrieked every kind of vituperation at King Leopold of Belgium a few months ago, some of the more emotional Press boys may now be groping for their back hairpins and wondering if, after all, they haven't made rather an exhibition of themselves.

For the Belgians, who are surely the ultimate judges, are significantly rallying round their King, whose health was publicly drunk at a Belgian Embassy reception the other day, when he was hailed by Prime Minister Pierlot as "a symbol of the moral resistance of the Belgian people."

It may be that those violent judgments on Leopold were far too hasty, and Mr. Hickey in the *Express* has gracefully indicated as much already.

However, most of us wayward journalist boys would as soon eat worms as words, so a shame-faced procession of white-sheeted penitents can hardly be expected; nay, a sudden cooing chorus of panegyric of Leopold may conceivably burst on the public ear ere long unless we damnably err, and all will be forgiven and forgotten.



"... And then I'll take you to the marshalling yards at Hamm!"

interesting. Some look like the fruit of a liaison between almost any classical temple and a wedding-cake, others look like bits of the Pyramids stuck on bits of the Parthenon, and in one case at least—we forget the church—Wren's nerve evidently failed him, or else he was fed up with designing steeples and told his assistant to stick a bit of a Russian cupola on a tallish cube, or something, and went out to dine with his chums.

Ringing the changes on a hundred steeples, when you haven't the riches and fantasy and unity of the Gothic to fall back on, is a wearying job, no doubt, and the post-war problem of either slavishly re-copying Wren's more jaded efforts or building something better will, we dare predict, set not a few connoisseurs and archaeologists at each other's throats.

How different the case of the Albert Hall, should it ultimately need attention! Everybody knows, as Lady Frederick Cavendish or somebody pointed out when it was built, that the Albert Memorial should go on top of it, the only possible crown and pinnacle for that marvel of the pastrycook's art.

## Farewell

THAT monument commemorating the Black Hole of Calcutta (1756) which was set up by Lord Curzon in 1902 and obstructs the traffic (to quote the *Times*) of Calcutta's busiest thoroughfare, was to have been removed by now, as being offensive to Indian sentiment, though no further news is to hand.

Thus does Dame Progress forge slowly and painfully on, upsetting this and that memorial of conquest with her poor old hot feet and standing ever, like Ruth, breast-high amid the alien corns.

IF the Bengal Assembly had also requested the removal of Macaulay's well-known purple prose-piece on the subject of the Black Hole from the school-books we can't see much reasonable objection. It is mainly rhetoric, like 75 per cent. of Whig history, or folklore, and its accuracy has frequently been challenged by modern Hindu scholars, one of whom, a mathematician, claimed recently that the dimensions of the Black Hole as officially recorded are pure bosh.

And anyway, taking a broad general view, there are far too many public memorials of everything and everybody except our favourite character in romantic fiction, Colourful Kingsley Wood.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"My spade struck something hard, so I dug a bit deeper—"

THE case of Mr. Neville Chamberlain is roughly similar. Sir Nevile Henderson's recent reminder that on September 28, 1938, Hitler could have dropped 2000 bombs a day on London and that we were powerless to retaliate should already be making some of the vocal boys with whom "Munich" is a derisive parrot-cry close their dainty traps.

The deduction seems to be that the Island Race—like the Human Race—has many superb qualities but is often a little silly in the head, as Carlyle and other kindly critics have surmised. Foreigners can be just as silly, of course, but they don't even look like gentlemen, as Slogger Carlyle himself complained on finding himself on the Calais-Dover boat among a pack of Frenchmen.

## Problem

LOOKING forward with the liveliest misgivings to the rebuilding of post-war London, as any thoughtful citizen must, we foresee a tremendous row, to begin with, over the proper restoration of one or two of Sir Christopher Wren's steeples.

Some of these, if we dare say so without being haled forthwith by furious Wren fans before the Court of Arches and branded on both cheeks, are not terribly



## For Cat-lovers

"Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats,"  
by T. S. Eliot and Nicolas Bentley

(Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)



### The Rum Tum Tugger

The Rum Tum Tugger is artful and knowing,  
The Rum Tum Tugger doesn't care for a cuddle;  
But he'll leap on your lap in the middle of your sewing,  
For there's nothing he enjoys like a horrible muddle



### The Old Gumbie Cat

She is deeply concerned with the ways of the mice—  
Their behaviour's not good and their manners not nice;  
So when she has got them lined up on the matting,  
She teaches them music, crocheting and tatting

T. S. Eliot's verses about cats, written for the children of friends, were first published, at the suggestion of those friends, last spring, and have just been brought out again with illustrations by Nicolas Bentley (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Eliot, besides being a great poet who knows how to relax, is also a true cat-lover. Cats have appeared in his poetry from time to time, but when he gives his whole time to them, putting at their service all his mastery of words and rhythms, the result is (even if you don't like cats) irresistible. Mr. Bentley is a brilliant illustrator, but perhaps less deeply imbued than Mr. Eliot with cat-feeling: he seems to catch the character of those strange creatures best when they are going away from him (see the kitten below, right). But all his pictures (coloured in the book, from which these four quotations and illustrations were taken) are full of wit and observation



### The Song of The Jellicles

Jellicle Cats come out to-night,  
Jellicle Cats come one come all:  
The Jellicle Moon is shining bright—  
Jellicles come to the Jellicle Ball



### Mr. Mistoffelees

And not long ago this phenomenal Cat  
Produced seven kittens right out of a hat!



# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## She Was a Governess

SINS always seem to get punished; virtues have, mostly, to gather their own laurels. For my own sins I am at present living on the verge of an institutional life, and do I hate it? I do! I have never liked crowds. I loathe them under one roof. Anything big in the way of multitudes, be it a dinner-party or a mass meeting, is not for me. I could, I suppose, easily become a recluse without, however, ever being a hermit. I should hate to live in the middle of a common or in a wood; while as a recluse I would infinitely prefer London to Little Puddleton-on-the-Mud. You can't "recluse" in Little Puddleton-on-the-Mud simply because all the Puddletonians are far too interested in seeking to change your form of existence to allow you to expand, so to speak, in your own self-created atmosphere of peace and contemplation.

In London (I write, of course, of a pre-war London) even your next-door neighbour is not interested. Which is, probably, the nicest form of neighbourliness—if once you have experienced the other kind. Probably, however, I do not really mean "recluse" as most people understand recluses. What I really mean is the joy and comfort and excitement of leading exactly your own kind of life in exactly your own kind of way. Something like being all alone in a strange city with a hundred interesting things to see and do. Only the young are frightened of being alone in a strange city; older people find it exciting; especially if in thought and act they are by nature so unconventional as to be considered free. They have probably learnt the fact that the older they grow the more acquaintances, as acquaintances, bore them to extinction.

Now to live a communal life is to be pressed flat against acquaintances. No

wonder there is friction! No wonder they grate against each other so often as to become "red-hot." To live happily and peacefully with a lot of other people must signify that you have so few angles as to be considered quite smooth and flat. And that type can live anywhere and hardly anybody notices them! They can even share a bedroom. And yet life, without at least your bedroom to yourself, must surely be part of that inferno never visualised by Dante! No wonder, then, Philippa Summerhayes, the heroine of Mr. Robert Liddell's quietly delightful story, *The Gantillons* (Cape; 7s. 6d.), led a life of tragi-comedy.

## "The Gantillons."

TRUE, she had her own bedroom, but she was only expected to sleep in it. She was a governess, you see. And a governess is always neither one thing nor another, so far as an individual existence is concerned. Philippa was the daughter of a parson of High Church inclinations. When he died her twin brother, James, was offered the living, but declined it. He was a Fellow and chaplain of an Oxford College. In the beginning Philippa took lodgings near her brother, but found that her inexperience of life was not likely to be widened thereby, so she chose rather to risk discomfort by going out into the world. She became governess in the Kensington household of the Gantillons.

Dr. Gantillon, a famous homœopath, was the kind of man who can never forget his professional success, nor what is expected of him in the way of superficial charm. Elaine, his wife, was too shy to share her husband's limelight—shy and, moreover, utterly disinclined. Fourteen-year-old Peggy, their child, was one of those fat, stodgy children whom war often turns into a

conscientious V.A.D. and peacetime turns into a frump. She was Philippa's pupil. Unfortunately, there was another branch of the Gantillon family who lived outside Oxford, and this was ruled—or rather, over-ruled—by Miss Margery Gantillon—a woman for whom all the world was an institution and she had been elected by heaven to guide it. The one branch of knowledge in which she excelled was the knowledge of what other people should do with their lives and exactly how they should do it. It all sounded like a battle, but in reality it amounted to little more than blather.

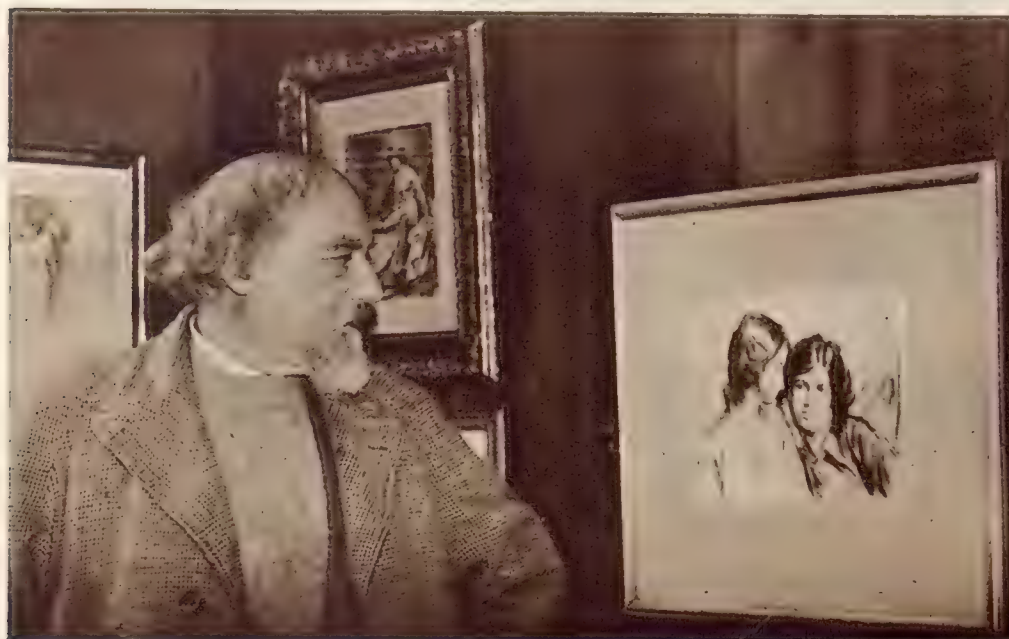
Philippa, who hid a natural courage under an outward appearance of timidity, was almost the ideal companion to save Peggy from her downward path towards frumpishness, but she herself, in her new surrounding, was learning all the time. Her first surprise—and the best lessons of life are usually always learnt by a series of shocks—was when Elaine eloped with a young archæologist—so dull and unattractive that only an infatuation could possibly see him otherwise. Even Philippa herself almost falls for a young painter, encountered while on holiday in Brittany. He is a bad painter, but he doesn't believe it—which is the worst kind. A more harrowing experience, however, is to come when Margery decides to propose to Elaine's brother, James. He accepts the proposal gratefully, but what happens between the proposal and the return of poor, weak-kneed James from a retreat, and how both, brother and sister, thanks to the latter's sudden revolt against what once looked like the inevitable, bring the story to a most entertaining conclusion, you must read for yourself.

*The Gantillons* is essentially a comedy of character, but as such it is most amusing in a quiet way. I enjoyed it from beginning to end.

## Another Good Story

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS seems able to turn out a new novel in next-to-no-time, but the remarkable thing is that his novels, even the not-so-good, are always readable. His latest, *Goldcross* (Methuen; 8s. 6d.), is an excellent example. You can always rely upon him for a good plot, and

(Concluded on page 384)



Augustus John and "Two Sisters"

"Two Sisters" has been lent by the Queen for the exhibition of drawings by Augustus John which was opened at the National Gallery a fortnight ago. This collection of 112 pictures drawn from all periods of Mr. John's career is convincing proof that here in England we have one of the greatest draughtsmen alive



Anna Mayerson and Sir Roger Keyes

Mrs. Anna Mayerson is a young Austrian artist who is holding a one-man show of her work at Claridges. Among her pictures is this portrait of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes





## Free Frenchwoman — Mlle. Eve Curie

Eve Curie came to London when France collapsed in June and began at once to work for the liberation of her country. She writes for *France*, the newspaper published in London by and for Free Frenchmen, and reports on the activities of General de Gaulle and his followers to the American public. In the United States she has a big reputation as an author, her biography of her mother having been a best-seller there as in England, and Mlle. Curie has had tempting offers from America since she had to leave her country. But she has preferred to remain here, and has during the last two months given a great deal of time to work on behalf of London's air-raid victims. She is the younger daughter of Pierre and Marie Curie, and sister of a third famous scientist, Irène Joliot Curie, who, like her mother, won the Nobel Prize with her husband. Both sisters have held Government posts in France, Irène (under Blum) in charge of scientific research, and Eve after the war began as head of a department in the Commissariat of Information to co-ordinate women's war activities.



## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

this is one of those meaty ones into which you can get your teeth from the very beginning. The scene is Dartmoor once again. Goldcross is the name of a prosperous farm which had been held by the Redferns for many generations. When the story opens it is held by Paul Redfern, good and honest and rather dull, who is unmarried. Should, however, he die a bachelor, or otherwise childless, then his brother, Frank, good-looking but lazy, inherits the property. But Paul, deliberately and rather as if he were investing in new farm-stock, decides to become engaged to the attractive daughter of the local postman—a religious fanatic who knows good from evil so clearly that he can spot either at a glance.

Frank, however, sees in this marriage the danger of being deprived of his inheritance, and so, with his friend, Alfred Hare, conceives a plot whereby it will appear that Paul had had a mistress in the town—a young woman who walked on in the annual pantomime for no reason whatsoever. If the plot succeeded she hoped to marry Frank, and so she lent herself as a willing partner in the scheme. Well, you can imagine the effect of such a scandalous story on the mind of Paul's prospective father-in-law! But what you must read in order to find out is the near-tragedy which unexpectedly brought the whole villainous plot to ruin. It is, as I wrote above, a meaty plot—interesting all the time, and exciting as well; while the characters are as boldly drawn as Heytor Rock. Mr. Phillpotts's ability to turn out a good story appears as inexhaustible as ever.

### Christianity and War

MR. MIDDLETON MURRY'S book, *The Betrayal of Christ by the Churches* (Dakers; 5s.), is one of those "messages" which inspire as well as infuriate. Its inspiration follows along well-known lines. "The common man," he writes, "has not been offered Christ. The Christian Church cannot offer him Christ without breaking

itself to pieces: for a real Christ would condemn the Church in the soul of any man who received Him." The infuriation also is familiar: it is a condemnation of the Treaty of Versailles, with the assumption that if it had not included so many harsh clauses, Germany to-day would belong to the Brotherhood of Man. Or words to that effect. And in this condemnation Britain seems, in Mr. Murry's eyes, to have played the bigger part.

Well, I for one simply don't believe it. There was no Treaty of Versailles in 1914, yet Germany launched upon the world the most horrible war as then known to history. Even the Treaty did at least restore the Poles and the Czechs to their own countries and returned Alsace-Lorraine to France. Besides, one has only to remember German demands after any of their successful wars to realise to what lengths tyranny can go.

Altogether, it would appear in this book as if the British, even in the midst of their present ordeal, were ready to accept the Germans as brothers, if only they would prove themselves ready for the sacrifice—and a sacrifice it is—necessary to bring about universal brotherhood. For him, therefore, it is the Church which should in future guide our political judgments; at least, a Church fashioned anew and, let us hope, more just than sometimes Mr. Murry is in his assertions. Nevertheless, here is a book which is well worth reading. It is at least constructive, even though some of the rules for this reconstruction of a more truly Christian society struck me from time to time as containing at least some of the germs which have made sectarian religion the danger to living Christianity it has always been.

### The Epic of Dunkirk

"GENTLEMEN OF DUNKIRK" (Withy Grove Press; 6d.), although only a modest little paper-covered book, is both tragic as well as inspiring. The sub-title, "Being Leaves from a War Correspondent's Diary," explains the construction, and Mr. James Lansdale Hodson, the author, tells the story, even when the account has perforce to be second-hand, magnificently. I have myself spoken to several soldiers whose regiments have renewed their fame in this

epic story of struggle and retreat, and they bear out all that Mr. Hodson has told us in his book. Including the comparatively poor quality of the German infantry—most of the officers being either doped or drunk—and the belief that if Belgium had not deserted her ally when she did, victory over the enemy was almost within sight.

The tragic side of this diary lies in the fact that, as one reads it, one realises the optimism of the opening days which turned to fear and then bewilderment as first Belgium, then France, gave in with scarcely a real offensive. Had they not done so when they did, the epic tale of the Dunkirk beaches need never have been told. In this book, although the story is related second-hand, Mr. Hodson's description of this retreat is so vivid that it rings true in every passage. There remain only the magnificent struggle against odds undertaken by the Welsh Guards at Arras, of the Irish Guards at Boulogne, the splendid stand put up by the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Black Watch, the 51st Highland Division, and all those others who fought to win fame anew in what will always be a tragic though glorious page in military history.

To read this small book is to be filled with pride as well as sorrow. Pride in the splendour of the British troops against overwhelming odds, sorrow that they were so near to victory had not their Allies deserted them at the moment of mutual greatest need.

### Cheering Thoughts

"BE OF GOOD CHEER," Broadcast Talk in Peace and War (Mowbray; 2s. 6d.), by W. H. Elliott, is a collection of those early-morning talks which, although they last only five minutes, have helped so many people to face with greater cheerfulness and courage the day which lies ahead. The message is invariably as simple as it is direct, and those who would like to "listen" once again to the author's always-inspiring words will delight in this collection. Naturally, they all concern the war, but this is where their influence and comfort are most needed. Those who read them will find themselves better equipped in every spiritual way to stand the strain of danger and sorrow and loss.



For Getting Married

Mrs. S. Bell is the deputy registrar at one of London's most fashionable register offices—that at Caxton Hall, Westminster. At twenty-one she is believed to be the youngest woman registrar officiating at marriages



A Picture for the Greeks

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir George Wilkinson, was looking at G. Spencelayh's picture, "The Two Books," which Lord Tredegar has presented to be sold for the benefit of the Lord Mayor's Greek Relief Fund. Lord Tredegar, who is a great Græcophil, is a Knight of Justice of the Constantinian Order of St. George



# "Sisters-in-Law"

The Two Attractive Girls Who  
Have Married the Ward Twins

Photographs by Harlip



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward

Squadron Leader the Hon. Edward Ward, R.A.F., and Miss Pauline Winn were married last Saturday at St. Nicholas's, Leeds, Kent, with a reception afterwards at her mother's home, Leeds Castle. She is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn, Lord St. Oswald's brother, and Lady Baillie (who married as her second husband Sir Adrian Baillie, Bt., M.P.). Squadron Leader Ward is the elder twin brother of the Earl of Dudley, and is thirty-three, thirteen years older than his bride



The Hon. Mrs. George Ward

Flight Lieut. the Hon. George Ward, R.A.F., was married nearly six months before his twin brother, who was his best man when he and Miss Anne Capel had their wedding by special licence in Gloucestershire. She is the eldest daughter of the late Captain Arthur Capel and the Countess of Westmorland



# Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

## Party for Princess Alice

THE twenty-five who were bidden to tea by Mrs. "Mike" Gavin to meet H.R.H. Princess Alice are still talking about the charm and gentle humour of the royal guest, who arrived late, with her hostess, Mrs. Pratt, after a shopping expedition. Princess Alice looked as well-turned-out as ever, in black, with some astrakhan on the coat and a small black hat. She had bought very little, although the New York shops are so tempting; indicating that no Englishwoman has the heart to gratify personal vanity in wartime.

Mrs. Gavin did the honours very easily. Hers is an attractive house near the Jericho Turnpike, the romantically-named main artery of Long Island.

Gertrude Gavin's father, the late James J. Hill, was one of the great railroad "kings," a colourful pioneer of the North West with that requisite touch of braggadocio. He would ask his dinner partner if she liked rubies, and provided she did not say no, he brought a handful of beautiful uncut stones out of his pocket. I don't know if that was the end of the story, but that is where the story ends.

"Mike" Gavin, who is one of the smartest-looking men on Long Island, in spite of his red ties, had only four or five males to keep him company, including a very popular elderly Englishman who lives in New York, Mr. Charles Scott, an authority on China, and Mr. Phipps, who brought Mrs. Robin Gurdon, one of the Phipps family's many refugees. Princess Alice was obviously delighted to see Yoskyl Gurdon, who is Lord Cowdray's niece eldest sister, and a link with Sussex.

## Mothers and Others

A GREAT many of your friends and their children are in Canada, whence I have good news from Montreal of Lady Cecil Douglas, Lady Morris, and the exotic Mrs. Barclay (better remembered as Mrs. John Wills, but not to be confused with Mrs. John Wills, née Elphinstone), while Mrs. Helene ("Hungarian Rhapsody") Taylor is in New York doing charity ball work, but talking of going home. ("I met a woman in New York who is NOT doing any war work" was a recent cartoon.)

Lady Patricia Latham is in New York and occasionally in Washington, where her young son has been taken by an American family, and where Anthony Crossley's widow, Clare, is voted the most delightful of refugees, for she possesses brains and sensibility, plus well-bred good looks and artistic talent.

Talking of Washington, the temporary First Secretary, Mr. John Foster, managed to steal a lunch with the Kermit Roosevelts on Long Island, and a dinner with Mr. Paul Pennoyer there, during Lord Lothian's visit to London. Diplomats de carrière are apt to be a little down on the young lawyer, whose ability and social energy have been so loosely and frequently labelled "brilliant," but all admit that he brings new blood and new brains to everything he undertakes. Mr. Foster's conversation intrigues the most adamant of women, and informs the most olympian of men, while his career goes marching on.

## Theatrical News

ENTER a really wonderful new musicale, with a negro cast headed by Ethel Waters, who made "Mamba's Daughter" one of the most memorable dramas of the 1938-39 winter season. This fine actress is a great-hearted trouser with a glorious voice. She puts it all into "Taking a Chance on Love," the best number among many good ones. "Cabin in the Sky" is a simple story about earth and heaven, not to mention hell, which always looms large in negro plays. The dancing is so hot that one critic said the Martin Beck Theatre will need plenty of fire insurance while the show stays there, adding that it may stay for years.

Soon Edna Best and "Bart" Marshall will appear once more under grandpa (yes, he is one) Gilbert Miller's banner—but not in the same play. Miss Best, who hasn't been on Broadway since '32, is coming back in *Delicate Story*, by Molnar, partly translated by Mr. Miller himself. He hopes Herbert Marshall will do another play, *Peep Show*.

Louis Bromfield and George Hawkins, his amusing secretary (whose rabbits, known to all the smartest people in Paris, have probably capitulated to the Germans at Senlis, where he left them), are trying their play, *Here To-day, Gone To-morrow*, on the innocent citizens of Mansfield, Ohio, where Louis came from.

British actors are thick on Broadway, from Maurice Evans, whose Malvolio has a slight Cockney accent, to Sophie Stewart, sister of Mr. Henderson-Stewart, the kilted M.P. for East Fife. The charming little Aimée Stewart play, *Jeannie*, is in rehearsal in the provinces, also *Viceroy Sarah*, *I Killed the Count*, and Miles Malleon's *Quartette*.

## Back-Stage and Café Gossip

JOHN BARRYMORE is taking out an ingenue called Ann Gwynne, about Deanna Durbin's age.

Prince Serge Obolensky, of the San Régis restaurant, is to marry Mrs. David Bruce, daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Mellon.

Norma Shearer is no longer escorted by George Raft, who looks terribly disappointing "off."

Marlene Dietrich will be in New York by the time you read this, staging a press reconciliation with her dull, German husband.

Lady Mendl has gone the other way—to Hollywood—to open a decorating shop, to rival Rex Evans and Tom Douglas, Inc., whose "modern classic" handling of stars' houses is a discreet improvement on what most stars would really like.

Richard Ainley, who has been acting for some time with "Connie" Bennett, is walking out with a niece of Basil Rathbone.

## Literary Lions

THE books everyone is reading or pretending to are Ernest Hemingway's about the Spanish War (he is now married to Martha Gelhorn) and Lord Tweedsmuir's *Pilgrim's Way*.

I have gone back to a 1936 autobiography, *The Countess from Iowa*, which you can get in England. It is artless and robust, with curiously graphic descriptions of pre-Great War society in Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg, plus illuminating back histories of people, some of whom are still alive—for instance, Elsie de Wolfe, Kitty von Rothschild, "Alex" Soldatenkov, Jack Mitford, Baron Mannerheim, "Big" Dmitri, and the ex-Kaiser. Her experiences in the Russian Revolution and during the Finnish War of 1918 (with an extraordinary sidelight on General Gough) are first-class eye-witness accounts, however slight in range. They will provide padding for future historians.

So will "Mrs. Miniver" (Jan Struther), who is being boosted to such an extent that Mr. H. G. Wells is going round the U.S. in comparative obscurity. Mrs. Miniver's creator has two of her children with her; the elder boy, and her husband, Anthony Maxtone-Graham, remained, the latter in the Army.



Working for Her Country in New York

Mrs. John Polk, who was Virginia Brand before her marriage to an American a year ago, is one of the younger workers for British War Relief in America, was publicity committee chairman of the "Help England" Ball in October. Her husband is the son of a director of the Chase National Bank. She is the elder daughter of the Hon. R. H. Brand, and a niece of Viscountess Astor



# "The Great Dictator"

Here Are the Three Principal Players  
of the Film That Charlie Chaplin  
Has Taken Two Years to Make



*Napolini, played by Jack Oakie, is Hynkel's totalitarian rival. Even at the barber's their passion to be the highest can't rest, and they have their chairs hoisted, first one, then the other, till both touch the ceiling*

*Hynkel wants the world as his oyster; here he is just going to act his vision of conquest in a bubble dance, with the globe as his bubble, which is one of the film's high moments of Chaplinesque fantasy*

THERE are three dictators in *The Great Dictator*—Hynkel, Napolini, and the obscure Jewish barber catapulted by fate into Hynkel's place, where he imitates his blustering double so well that no one discovers the deception until he makes his big speech at the end. And in that speech the barber-dictator utters a battle-cry (of six minutes) for freedom and democracy, for the right of little men like himself to lead their lives in peace and security.

Chaplin has given himself his first speaking part in this double role uses "the accent of an amiable English schoolboy" when he is the old familiar figure with bowler, big boots and cane, his own voice as Hynkel, and a brilliantly concocted gibberish when he mocks the public ranting of the German Führer.

Paulette Goddard and Jack Oakie were the only two players besides Chaplin picked for mention in the advance reports on the film. Oakie, after making Napolini, has decided from first-hand experience that Chaplin is a genius who had taught him more in a few weeks than he'd learnt during all his screen career. Paulette Goddard plays a ghetto scrub girl who takes the little barber's fancy and shares his tribulations. Her part is said to be the best yet given to a woman in a Chaplin film.

Almost all other credits for this, his eighty-third film, go to Chaplin himself—for the idea, the script, the production, the direction, the set-designs, the finance (£600,000), and the tunes.

In New York the premiere of *The Great Dictator*, at which Chaplin was present in person, took place in mid-October. About the same time the first negative was despatched to London. Up to the beginning of last week it had not turned up, and was presumed lost. More negatives were, however, on the way, and the triple London premiere will take place when these arrive.



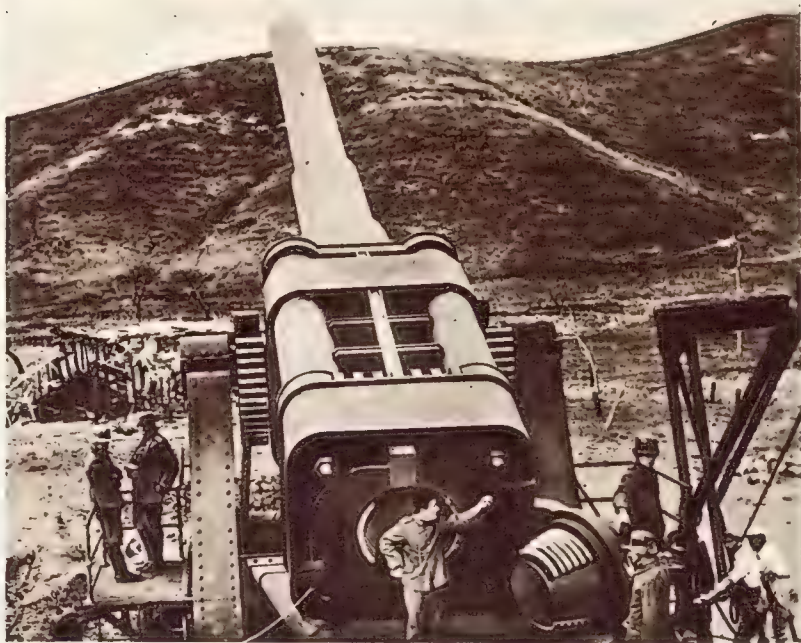
*Hannah is the gaily dressed girl of the ghetto whom the Jewish barber chooses as his wife. Paulette Goddard said she'd wait five years for another part as good as this*  
(Continued on next page)



# More Shots from "The Great Dictator"



*Inefficient soldier in the last war, Charlie as a German private is put in charge of an A.-A. gun which is a good deal more than he can manage*



*The implacable machine of the German Army treats this unsoldierly soldier as hardly as his gun, into the breech of which he somehow gets himself rammed*



*After twenty years' loss of memory he returns to his profession as ghetto barber, makes the acquaintance of a poor but pretty scrub girl (Paulette Goddard)*



*Policemen have been replaced by storm-troopers while Charlie's memory slept, and he is soon in trouble with a dictatorial regime that persecutes Jews and allows no protests*



*Concentration camps are the home of all Dictator Hynkel's freedom-loving subjects. But Charlie finds an old comrade (Reginald Gardiner), and one of their attempts to escape (not this one) is successful*



*Ruler of the country is Dictator Hynkel, who retires to his mountain retreat for a rest and sprays his throat frequently to improve his yodel*

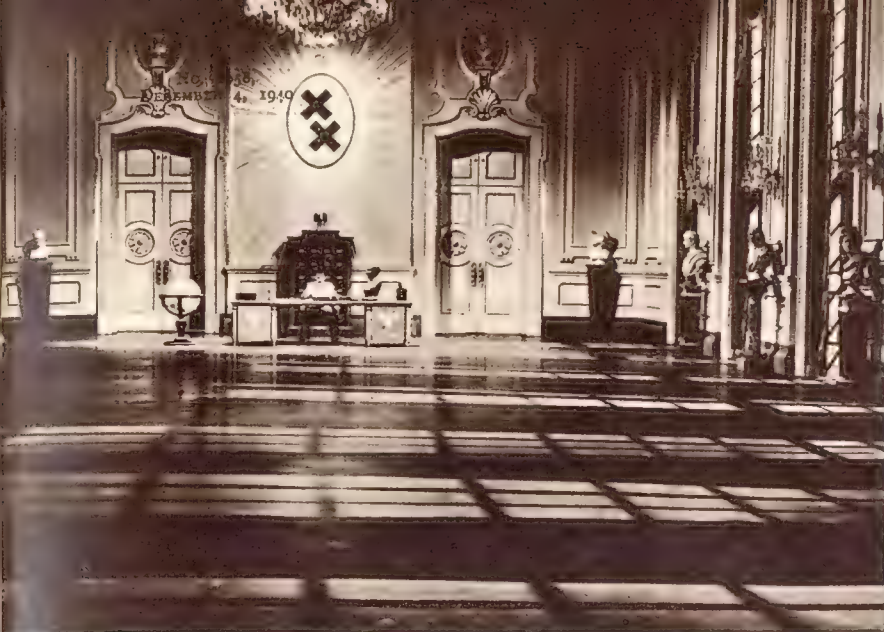


*Dictator's end comes suddenly, but the little Jewish barber is so like Hynkel that when a freak of chance hoists him into the Dictator's shoes, no one knows the difference*



*"Hail, Hynkel!" bursts from everyone's throat with the same passion, but is now addressed to a Jewish barber in the uniform of the Leader of "the sons and daughters of the Double Cross"*





*The office of a real Dictator was taken as model for the working surround of Charlie's Hynkel. Its absurd splendour is a burlesque of Mussolini's own office setting*



*The secretaries of the Double Cross Leader must all be blonde. They, like typewriters and waste-paper baskets, are decorated with the party badge*



*A rival appears on the scene when Napolini (Jack Oakie) comes on a visit to Hynkel, to plot with him against their neighbours. Unfortunately for Hynkel, his visitor is of a rather more impressive height than he*



*A banquet is given for Napolini, and Hynkel has to make a speech proposing his guest's health. Chaplin uses a brilliant gibberish of his own for public speeches which sounds uncannily like Hitlerian hysterics*

*Dignity goes askew after the banquet: wine, women and music are too much for the barber's self-control and he forgets all about the pomposity expected of a dictator, especially when a rival is present*



*Napolini, having drunk well at the banquet, also forgets his manners as guest to host, and indulges in strident boasting. Garbitsch (Henry Daniell) steps in to keep the peace between his master Hynkel and the bouncing visitor*





# Young

Photographs by Haylip



Lady Pigott-Brown

Lady Pigott-Brown is the wife of Sir John Pigott-Brown, Bt., Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Captain Gordon Hargreaves Brown, and of Ivy, Lady Pigott-Brown. He succeeded his grandfather, Sir Alexander Hargreaves Brown, in 1922. Before her marriage at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, in April, Lady Pigott-Brown was Helen Egerton Cotton, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Gilbert Egerton Cotton, of Priestland, Tarporley, Cheshire.

Mrs. Edward Fielden was formerly Angela Ramsden-Jodrell, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell, of Taxal Lodge, Whaley Bridge, Cheshire. She was married in October to Wing-Commander Edward Hedley Fielden, R.A.F., eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fielden, of Bracknell, Berks. He was appointed Equerry to the King and Captain of the King's Flight in 1936. He has now returned to duty with the R.A.F.

Mrs. Roderic Thesiger had an almost pre-war wedding at the end of September. She wore a white satin bridal dress and was attended by three small bridesmaids. She was Mary Rose Charteris, youngest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, of 24, Oxford Square, and of the late Hon. Mrs. Charteris. Her two sisters are Lady O'Neill and Viscountess Long. Her husband, Mr. Roderic Miles Doughty Thesiger, Welsh Guards, is the son of the late Hon. William Thesiger, and Mrs. Reginald Astley, of The Milebrook, Bucknell, Shropshire.



Mrs. Edward Fielden

Mrs. Roderic Thesiger





# Marrieds

Bertram Park and Lenore



The Hon. Mrs. William Buchan



Lady Kathleen Verney

Mrs. Con O'Neill



Lady Kathleen Verney is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen and the late Countess of Enniskillen, of Co. Fermanagh. She was married in July at St. James's, Piccadilly, Wren's famous church so badly damaged in a recent air raid, to Captain Desmond Ralph Lloyd Verney, youngest son of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Lloyd Verney, of Little Burnford Manor, Salisbury, Wiltshire. Lady Kathleen is a member of the W.V.S. and has been helping to look after refugees from Gibraltar

The Hon. Mrs. William Buchan was married in October last year to the second son of the late Governor-General of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir, equally well known as John Buchan, the writer. The Hon. William de l'Aigle Buchan is at present an aircraft-hand (A.C.2) in the R.A.F., and is training to be a pilot. Mrs. Buchan, who is doing Red Cross work, was Nesta Crozier, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. D. Crozier, of Culham Home Farm, Abingdon, Berkshire

Mrs. Con O'Neill was married in June to Mr. Con Douglas Walter O'Neill, second son of the Right Hon. Sir Hugh O'Neill, Bt., and the Hon. Lady O'Neill, of Cleggan Lodge, Ballymena, Co. Antrim. Sir Hugh O'Neill sat for Antrim County (Parliament of Northern Ireland) from 1921-1929. Mrs. Con O'Neill was Rosemary Pritchard, only daughter of the late Dr. Harold Pritchard, F.R.C.P., and Mrs. Pritchard. Her brother, Mr. Peter Pritchard, is in the R.A.F.



# Racing in Ireland: Some of the Spectators at Leopardstown

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



**Mr. Henry S. Meade**, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, marked his card as he stood with Lady Hemphill. She is the daughter of Mr. F. Irving Sears, of Webster, Massachusetts, U.S.A., and married Lord Hemphill in 1927. They have a twelve-year-old son, Peter, and live at Tulira, Ardahan, Co. Galway



**Mr. Ernest Bellaney**, the well-known Irish breeder of bloodstock, was watching the finish of the Tolka Plate with Lady Goulding. The race was won by Mrs. E. McGrath's Cuirm Gail from Sir Thomas Dixon's Carmont. Lady Goulding, before her marriage last year to Sir Basil Goulding, Bt., of Hillbrook, Castleknock, Co. Dublin, was Valerie Monckton, only daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Colyer-Fergusson, Bt., of Ightham Mote, Kent



**Mr. Simon Maffey**, with Miss Diana Page, who hunts regularly with the "Killing Kildares," saw Captain Reid Walker's Senator win the Dodder Plate. Mr. Maffey, Coldstream Guards, at present on sick leave from his regiment, is the son of Sir John Maffey, British Representative to Eire since 1939, and Lady Maffey



**Mr. J. P. McAuley**, the well-known gentleman rider, was sitting with his wife at Leopardstown Races. They both appear to be concentrating on the result of the Liffey Plate, which was won by Mr. W. Barnett's Rycerop. Mr. and Mrs. McAuley live at Herberstown House, Dunboyne, Co. Meath



A Feminine Foursome was standing on a seat to get a better view of the racing: Miss Cicely Connolly, Miss Marjorie McClancy, Miss Sonia McCairns, and Miss Ethel Breen. Miss McClancy is a granddaughter of the late Mr. John Widger, who won the Grand National at Aintree many years ago. Miss McCairns' father is Mr. Thomas McCairns, the prominent Irish owner



Miss Eve Hallam was snapped with Miss Olga Atkinson at Leopardstown. Miss Hallam is an English racehorse owner, who since the outbreak of war has been known racing in Ireland. Miss Atkinson, well known with the Westmeath Hounds, is the daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. H. John Atkinson





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# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Sons of the She-Wolf

ABOVE all, they know (for many remember the Italian soldier in the last war) that there are only a very few fighting men of other nations who are a match for him."

The Italian official commentator has apparently mislaid two words. One is "Caporetto" and the other "Madrid."

## The Coldstream and the Fifth Column

ONE of their chief troubles in Belgium was sniping and activities of the Fifth Column. I was told how, when headquarters moved out of Louvain, it was found that messages were being signalled by flashlamp from the telegraph poles."

"By this time the troops were dead tired, but on the seventeenth they moved into brigade reserve at Tierlingen to hold the line of the River Dendre and found the villages full of Fifth Columnists. In many cases local farmers had scythed the grass to indicate gun positions and had to pay the full penalty."

Extracts from the informative article by a *Times* special correspondent. The above reports relate to what was happening in the front line at that time. We are still in the front line, and I suggest that the same thing, down to the last detail, is happening now, and will continue so to happen until we cease to be so stupidly soft-hearted and refrain from exacting "the full penalty." As a preliminary, I suggest that all the spies—"fifth columnist" is merely a euphemism—which we have already caught

should be subjected to the prescribed penalty in time of war. As a further measure, I suggest that a drastic combing of all places where refugees from the conquered countries are ensconced should be carried out forthwith. A fairly certain find might be divers big blocks of flats in a region which commands a fine view of London. Because a large proportion of these persons are Jews, this does not render them immune from suspicion, for they can be compelled by the German Secret Service to do exactly as they are told. Many of them may be unwilling "agents." The point is that they dare not disobey. This is no "hare," but a fox well worth hunting, and the sooner our good hunting pack of hounds runs into him and breaks him up, the better.

## The Army Marathon Championship

THE problem for the Greeks here is how to catch up with the Italians."

This is what a war correspondent watching the catch-as-catch-can wrestling match on the Græco-Roman front says. You cannot expect the Greeks to do everything. Ladas died some years ago. He was a remarkable runner who was on the personal staff of a man named Alexander, as a bell-hop, or messenger, and Greece has never managed to find anyone with as fine a turn of foot since those exciting times, so how can she be expected to produce anyone capable of depriving Rome of the Army Marathon record? The situation gets more clarified as day succeeds day.



## At Dunshaughlin Meet

Mrs. Loftus and M. E. Simons have a chat at a meet of the Ward Union. Mrs. Loftus is the widow of the late Major J. E. Loftus, who was Master of the Mount Loftus Harriers for many years. M. Simons is a French sportsman living in Eire since the war. He was Master for fifty-one seasons of a private pack in France, the Boischaull Crie Haut Hounds

## Well Done the Archies!

IT is good to find someone giving the Anti-Aircraft guns their just due at long last, for, as you and I know perfectly well, there have been plenty of people full of grouse about the din of this barrage, and ready to assure us that the Archies never hit anything. It was high time, therefore, that we should be given some authoritative figures. In one thirteen weeks the A.A. guns could claim a seventh of the total bag for certain, and probably a lot more than this if the ones they winged were counted in. The figure was 357 for thirteen weeks, and in one week they averaged nine a day. It is obviously necessary to add to all this the ones off which they have shot the tail-feathers and which, even if they did not crash before landing, certainly did so when they got home to roost. So all this noise to which so many people seem to object, and which they think is just a waste of ammunition, is something quite different. It is a revelation to the visitor to a gun position to see how excellent are the arrangements: the unfortunate part about it, from my point of view, is that I am compelled to suffer from a political disease called sealed lips and say just nothing!

## Night Firing and the Lunar Transport Idea

NIGHT firing is never easy, and the job these fine batteries are doing is not a pleasant one—real hard work all night, and anyone who lives near any of them might do worse than try to make the guns' crews' time off as pleasant as possible. There is an idea that modern gunnery has been reduced to such an exact science as to be foolproof.

This is not quite the truth, for there is always the thing called "the error of the gun," which means this, that even if

(Concluded on page 396)



## Hunting with the Ward Union Stagounds

Miss T. Draper, Dr. Mary Hill, and Mr. Waring Willis were amongst those at the Dunshaughlin meet of the Ward Union Stagounds. Dr. Mary Hill owns some very good hunters, and won a number of point-to-points with them last season. Mr. Waring Willis is a young Irish gentleman rider, the son of Mr. Archie Willis, Master of the Killulagh Old Rock and Chichester Harriers in Northern Ireland



# *In Times of Tension – everyone needs* **Restorative Nourishment and Revitalizing Sleep**



AT the present time abnormal stresses and strains are the common experience of everyone. Such conditions, however, can be met with cheerfulness and confidence, if health and vitality are maintained at a high level.

It is therefore most important to remember that your fitness and vitality depend almost entirely upon two factors in your daily life—*restorative nourishment and revitalising sleep.*



For these purposes, 'Ovaltine' possesses outstanding advantages. Prepared from Nature's best restorative foods, 'Ovaltine' provides every nutritive element required to restore strength and vitality to the entire system. Furthermore, a cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime is recognised everywhere as the best way to ensure refreshing sleep. Even when your rest is broken, 'Ovaltine' helps you to resume revitalising sleep quickly.

*The pre-eminent restorative properties of 'Ovaltine' are largely due to the eggs used in its manufacture. No food beverage can be fully restoring unless this property is derived from its ingredients.*



Remember also that owing to its scientific composition and preparation 'Ovaltine' is ideally constituted to make good any lack of essential nutriment in your daily dietary.

For all these reasons let 'Ovaltine' be your regular standby. Mark the improvement it makes in your fitness and outlook. But be sure it is 'Ovaltine,' which is so very different from imitations made to look the same.

Obviously it would be easy to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by adding household sugar in its manufacture. It is much more economical, however, to add the sugar at home if required. It should be especially noted that although 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar, it is naturally sweet and the addition of sugar is unnecessary.

## **OVALTINE TABLETS**

*An emergency ration for eating*

'Ovaltine' Tablets contain the energising and sustaining elements of 'Ovaltine.' Carry an emergency supply in your pocket or hand-bag. In two sizes 1/3 and 4d.



*Drink Delicious*

# **Ovaltine**

*The Restorative Food Beverage*





*With the West Waterford Hunt*

The group taken at the Clashmore meet of the West Waterford Foxhounds comprises Captain Anson, on leave from his regiment, second son of the Hon. Claud Anson, uncle of the Earl of Lichfield, and Lady Clodagh Anson; Mrs. R. Keane, formerly Mollie Skrine, but better known as M. J. Farrell, the authoress; Miss Clodagh Anson, Mr. R. J. Mulcahy, and Mr. R. Keane, of Bellville Park, Cappoquin, who is the hon. secretary of the Hunt. Mr. Mulcahy, the new Master of the West Waterford, lives in the neighbouring Co. Tipperary, and has hunted with most packs in Southern Ireland. This is his first season as M.F.H., and he hunts hounds himself



*Upper Thames Patrol*

Mrs. P. Bartlett and Mrs. William C. Thielé are the helmsmen of Patrol Launches Peterkin and Bermuda, of C/6 stretch of the Upper Thames Patrol (Home Guard) at Maidenhead. They work at night in all weathers and have never missed a single duty. They have been active since the inception of the U.T.P., and at one stage were on duty every night for over a week. Mrs. Bartlett is the wife of the Stretch Lieutenant, and Mrs. Thielé the wife of the Second-in-Command

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

the weapon were immovably clamped to its platform, or emplacement as we might say, shots from it would not fall all in the same spot. The effects of the slightest deviation become very considerable at the long ranges. This is where the Interplanetary Aerial Passenger Transport Co. (Inc.)—if it ever is Inc.—is going to slip up. Atmosphere or wind might make them miss the moon by a little matter of 260 miles; a mere fleabite, perhaps, but rather disconcerting for the people who had booked their passages in the Lunar Rocket, especially if they had taken return tickets. Muzzle-velocity is apt to decrease with the age of the gun, or perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that the more rounds fired from any gun, the more likely is m.v. to vary. This is markedly the case where guns of the heavier calibres are concerned: a 15-inch shell, for instance, does a bit more in the wear-and-tear way than the pom-pom projectile.

### *A Leicestershire Casualty*

THE deep sympathy of all hunting Leicestershire and of many other places has gone out to the Master of the Quorn Hounds and Lady Nutting upon the death in action of their eldest son, Captain John Nutting, Scots Greys. Like his father, he not only went very well in that pleasantest of all hunting demesnes, but he knew a lot about it. These two things do not always go together, for even a moderate man on a first-class horse can go well up to them; but to understand and appreciate what it is all about is quite another matter. This

he did. John Nutting rode almost as well as his father—which, incidentally, is saying a good deal—and, hunting apart, he showed much promise at polo, playing as a number one, the position in which Sir Harold Nutting played for the 17th Lancers in the final of the Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham in 1905, when they were beaten 4 to 3 by the Inniskillings, who were then skippered by the redoubtable Neil Haig. The 17th had won it the previous year and in 1903, when the back of their side was one Douglas Haig (a cousin of Neil). It was originally

intended that John Nutting should follow in his father's footsteps and go into the 17th, but I fancy that the fact that they were mechanised and that the Greys were not, influenced the decision to remain with Scotland's Household Cavalry, to which he was attached after leaving Sandhurst, the 17th then being on foreign service. One cannot but feel that the Quorn may have lost a future Master. In any case, a brilliant career has been tragically cut short. May the sincerest condolences be extended to his parents by a friend?



*Officers of an R.N. Air Station Somewhere in England*

(Back row) Sec.-Lieut. Goodfellow, Sec.-Lieut. P. Morris, Midshipman Rainford, Midshipman Carradice, Sec.-Lieuts. Richmond, Ensor, Sangster, Wood, Musson, Wallace, Campbell, Ash, Scott, Lieut. King Joyce, Sec.-Lieuts. Walker, Scott, Steward, Nicholls; (standing) Midshipmen Harvey, Talbot, Underwood, Langdon, Goodfellow, Hancock, Fell, Sec.-Lieuts. Fletcher, Bennett, Magwood, Meiklejohn, Lieut. Sherriff, Sec.-Lieut. Williams, Lieut. Major, Sec.-Lieut. Henderson, Sec.-Lieut. Grant, Midshipman Willis; (sitting) Sec.-Lieut. Mancus, Sec.-Lieut. Walker, Lieut. Churchill, Lieut. Fraser-Harris, D.S.C., Captain Bird, R.M., Lieut. Shaw, Lieut.-Com. Kendall, Captain Murray Smith (Officer Commanding Station), Lieuts. McEwen, Little, Gunn, Sec.-Lieuts. Diggins, Knowler, Brown, Cruikshank





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Friends...in*

**VAT 69**

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

*'Quality Tells'*





# Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

PEERING through the darkness, the Home Guard sentry saw a shadowy figure approaching. His rifle at the ready, he shouted the challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the answer.

The sentry was perplexed.

"Now, don't fool about," he said, and repeated the challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the answer again.

Now completely bewildered, the sentry went inside and told the sergeant of the guard what had happened.

The sergeant scratched his head reflectively, then, deciding that perhaps he had better deal with the matter himself, he went outside and repeated the challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the reply again.

The sergeant grunted with disgust.

"Well, buzz off, then—we're not properly organised yet!"

IN a case of chicken-stealing a neighbour of the accused appeared in his favour. The lawyer for the prosecution suspected that he was stretching a point in his statement, so he demanded:

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?"

"Of course," replied the witness.

"Do you know that you are forbidden to bear false witness against your neighbour?"

"I'm not bearing false witness against him," was the angry retort. "I'm bearing false witness for him!"

THERE'S an unexploded bomb buried here," said the A.R.P. chief, as he posted a warden, "probably weighing about a ton. Just keep an eye on things and blow your whistle if anything happens."

"O.K.," replied the warden. "But do I blow it going up or coming down?"

A LAWYER was cross-examining a witness in a court of law.

"You know the prisoner well?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have observed that he talks to himself?"

"Yes, he often talks to himself."

"One final question: does he talk to himself when he is alone?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm never with him when he is alone."

HE had had a glorious night out and crept home in the small hours of the morning.

His wife found him in the bathroom, curled up inside the bath and clutching the ball from the top of a Belisha beacon.

"What's the idea?" she gasped, shaking him.

"Kindly keep quiet," replied the inebriated one. "You know how we oysters hate being interrupted when we're making a pearl!"

THE following conversation was overheard in a London club after a siren had sounded.

"What's that: warning or 'all clear'?"

"Don't know; lost count."

"Sounds like an 'all clear,' doesn't it?"

"All right, have it your own way."

"But then, if it's an 'all clear,' why are the guns firing?"

"Don't keep asking me—perhaps it's the King's birthday."

THE officer on the rifle range fairly exploded. "How the devil," he asked the young marksman, "do you expect to hit the target when your range is six hundred yards and your sight is set at three hundred?"

"Easy," said the youngster. "See that little rock about half-way along? Well, I'm bouncing 'em off that!"

THE fellow had just returned from Borneo and approached a friend with the object of floating a rubber company.

"How many trees have you?" asked the friend.

"None," was the answer.

"How much land have you got?" demanded the friend.

"Haven't any land yet."

"Then what on earth have you got?"

"I have a bag of seeds!"

HE was new to the Army and, for a subaltern, inclined to indulge in a little self-importance. A private sauntered by without saluting.

"I'll teach you a lesson!" barked the second-lieutenant. "Stand and salute me a hundred times."

Miserably the Tommy began the performance just as a senior officer passed by.

"What sort of drill is this?" he inquired.

The embarrassed subaltern told him.

"But surely," the senior officer said, "you are aware that you yourself must acknowledge each salute? Now, if you will please begin all over again, I'll hold the watch and see just how long it takes to salute two hundred times."



"Anything the matter with you, my man?"

"Noa, zur—but I owe 'ee one fur yesterday"

ONE from America:

The salesman was fast asleep in his hotel room when the 'phone rang. It rang for a full minute before the salesman awakened. He picked up the receiver sleepily.

"Long-distance calling!" an operator sang out. "Here is your party."

"Okay," yawned the salesman. "Hello!"

"What's that?" cried the voice on the other end.

"I said 'Hello!'," repeated the salesman.

"Oh," said the voice. "Hello!"

The salesman paused.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you want?"

"Nothing," answered the voice. "Absolutely nothing."

The salesman saw red.

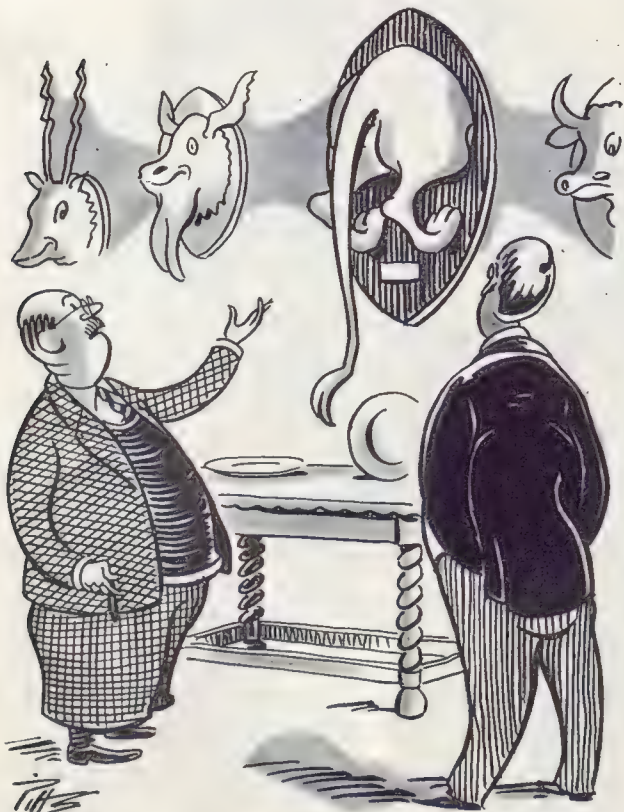
"Why, you dope!" he roared. "If you didn't want anything, why do you call me at three in the morning?"

"That's simple," replied the voice cheerily. "The night rate is cheaper!"

THE dramatic critic asked his newspaper to assign him to the front as a war correspondent and his request was granted. At the time he had dealt very harshly with fourteen plays in a row.

"I hear," said one of the reporters, "that Gammond's going to cover the war."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated another. "Supposing he doesn't like it?"



"I crept up on this one unobserved"



# 'Something Lovely to Wear' . . . . .

## A Woman's Idea of a Merry Christmas



(Left) A really warm wool Frock, smart enough for all day wear, with unpressed pleats in the skirt and neat pockets on the bodice. In black, brown, royal, cherry and green. Hip sizes 38 to 43 in. **7 Gns.**

(Centre) Ideal for cocktail or party wear. A dull crêpe Frock, with attractive ruching on the pockets and sleeves. In scarlet, royal, moss, wine, petrol and black. Hip sizes 38 to 43 in. **6½ Gns.**

(Right) So many these days desire a Jacket Frock. This delightful wool ensemble has a long-sleeved frock, with novel belt, trimmed with contrasting ribbon, and the skirt has fluted gores which are most becoming to all figures. Colours: Black, brown, wine, bottle, and petrol. Hip sizes 38 to 43 in. **8½ Gns.**

From the Inexpensive Gown Salon, First Floor.

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Oxford Street, London, W.1

YOU CAN'T  
DINE OUT  
so why not arrange  
a Christmas Lunch  
in Marshall's  
Restaurant. It is  
licensed for wines  
and spirits.



# Wool Wing



The little or "odd" coat is an accessory that has met with great success. The one above comes from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, and is destined to be worn with the dress below. It is of tweed and can be obtained in many colour-schemes



Wool with a suede-like finish is the material which Dickins and Jones have used for the dress above. There are many variations on this theme. Skirts are shorter than heretofore; some are quite narrow, others are knife-pleated and in others a flare is introduced. Reverting to this model, it will be seen that both the skirt and corsage are draped, the neck is high and the sleeves are long, and the neck ornament attractive. The hat which completes the scheme likewise comes from these salons

The ambition of the great dressmakers in London is to create fashions for export; they have to be simple, well-cut and practical. Braid is used for decorative purposes, and mock necklaces of synthetic gems are stitched on to the frock itself, so that they cannot be mislaid. Wool scores another triumph in the domain of Shelter Suits which may be worn throughout the day; A.R.P. is another name for these suits. The one portrayed on the right comes from H. J. Nicoll's, 120 Regent Street. The blouse portion is reinforced with a warm, nevertheless becoming hood; in the checkboard design blue, tan, and purple shades are present. The slacks are cut on comfortable lines and are obtainable in many colours



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION By M. E. BROOKE





## Conversations on Beauty

WRITTEN BY *Nerina Shute*, WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT. ILLUSTRATED BY *Anna Zinkeisen*, FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

*She:* I suppose we must say goodnight. Isn't it amazing to think that tomorrow is our wedding day?

*He:* I shall always remember your beautiful face at this moment.... even if we quarrel madly and throw teacups at each other for the rest of our lives.

*She:* I think most marriages go wrong because people forget their manners. Let's make a vow to pay one another charming compliments every morning.

*He:* (Smiling) It's a husband's job to pay bills and compliments almost continuously.

*She:* (Smiling) It's a wife's job to believe her husband is not lying even when he obviously is.

*He:* I promise to make you a good husband.... I won't lie to you if I can help it, and I won't beat you unless I find you making eyes at another man.

*She:* I promise not to nag.... not to get slack in my appearance.... and above all, to use Pomeroy Skin Food and Pomeroy make-up.

*He:* Why Pomeroy?

*She:* (Mysteriously) Because that's the main reason you fell in love with me.... even though you don't know it!

JEANNETTE

*Pomeroy*

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

29 OLD BOND STREET, W.1

Pomeroy Skin Food	Pomeroy Cleansing Cream
Pomeroy Day Cream	Pomeroy Beauty Milk
Pomeroy Powder	Pomeroy Astringent Lotion

PRICES FROM 2/2 TO 11/3  
Prices include Purchase Tax

★ The offer of free jars for returned empty tubes and jars is now withdrawn.



## With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 15

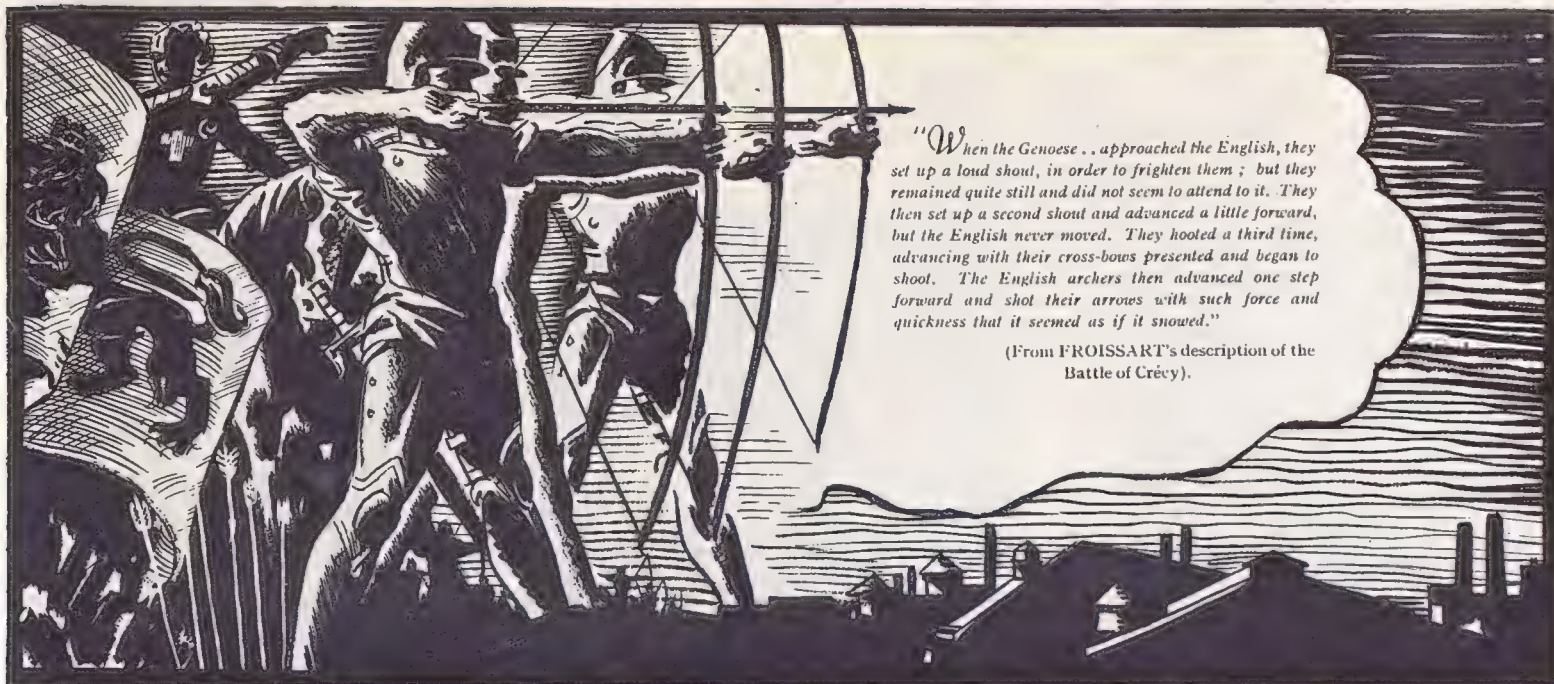


## The Margin of Error: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

*Midshipman to Captain: "I'm sorry, sir, but I'm afraid it's your fault—you didn't bring the ship into the wind properly"*

This unexpected rebuke from the Midshipman pilot who has joined the "Robinson Crusoe Club" by drifting his "Skua" into the "island," or bridge, is received with no little feeling by the captain of the aircraft-carrier. To emphasise his point the young Snottie holds up a handkerchief to show his commanding officer which way the wind is blowing. It should not be difficult for the layman to guess from what quarter the next gust will come. This, by the way, is a true story. No names, no pack-drill





"When the Genoese . . . approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them ; but they remained quite still and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout and advanced a little forward, but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their cross-bows presented and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward and shot their arrows with such force and quickness that it seemed as if it snowed."

(From FROISSART's description of the Battle of Crécy).

## The Courage of Crécy

The Englishman, faced with a serious situation, remains quiet and unflustered. And he is most dangerous when he is quiet. Thousands of men of that calibre are working day and night on war production with an ever-increasing momentum. Many who work at the bench all day are on guard half the night. And, what is more, they make a joke of it.

That spirit permeates the whole of our Organization. For, although what is known as the Nuffield Group of Companies is assuming an increasingly important role in the country's war effort, both the welfare and the research activities of each Company are being

developed and extended. They take this in their stride . . .

No one is greatly the worse for the experiences we are undergoing now. As men we shall come out of it hardened in the fire. As an industrial unit our Group will emerge enriched by technical experience which, translated into motor cars, will herald a new era in British automobilism.

A country or an industrial unit which, while fighting for its life, makes time to foster the humanities of life, is worthy of the confidence the rest of the world places in it. Its credentials of leadership are safe, locked in the hearts of each and every one of its people.

## THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

(Chairman: Viscount Nuffield)

MORRIS MOTORS LTD. • WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. • THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD. • RILEY (Coventry) LTD. • MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD. • MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD. • S.U. CARBURETTOR CO. LTD. • MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.

**MORRIS WOLSELEY**



*Riley*

**MORRIS-COMMERCIAL**



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review  
of Weddings and Engagements



**Dawes — Finn**

A Kent wedding was that of Sec.-Lieut. Charles A. W. Dawes, R.A., son of Captain and Mrs. Edwyn Sandys Dawes, of Mount Ephraim, Faversham, Kent, and Mary Neame Finn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Finn, of Lorenden, Faversham. They were married at Ospringe Church



**Holmwood — Whitten**

Captain Patrick Denis Holmwood, Royal Sussex Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Somers Holmwood, of King's Park House, Plaistow, Sussex, and Susan Elizabeth Whitten, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whitten, of Ivy House, Kinelough, Co. Leitrim, were married at All Saints', Hove



**McDermott — Butchart**

Sergeant Patrick Duffield McDermott, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McDermott, of the Dene, Borough Green, Kent, and Muriel Butchart, daughter of the late James Butchart, and Mrs. Butchart, of Bedford Park, W.4, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street



*Lenore*

**Mrs. J. D. Rochfort**

Carol de Bourbel Priestley was married recently to Flt.-Lieut. John David Rochfort, R.A.F., son of the late O. J. Rochfort, and Mrs. Rochfort. She is the daughter of the late N. G. de Bretton Priestley, and Mrs. Priestley, of the Haywards, Middle Wallop, Hants.



**Borckenhagen — Collins**

A Durban wedding which took place recently was that of Major H. H. Borckenhagen, S.A. Air Force, formerly A.D.C. to two Governor-Generals of South Africa, and Claire Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Churton Collins, of Manning Road, Durban. Bridesmaid (left) was Helen Platt, of Isipingo, sister of Mrs. Max Niven. Best man was Ramsay Collins, the bride's brother



**Mrs. George Colyer**

Pamela Hirst was married last Friday to George Colyer, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Colyer, of Charing, Kent. She is the daughter of the late Harold Hirst, and Mrs. Maurice Dreyfus, of 125, Victoria Street, S.W.1, and granddaughter of Lord Hirst.



*Catherine Bell*

**Pepita Grey Bell**

Pepita Grey Bell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grey Bell, now of the Cottage, Seaview, I.O.W. She announced her engagement recently to Sec.-Lieut. Raymond John Lambert, Hampshire Regt., son of the late Captain St. John Lambert, and Mrs. Harry Hulbert, of Little Stream, Ascot, Berks.



**Jean Margaret Farrow**

Jean Margaret Farrow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Farrow, of Maralin, Newland Park, Hull, and Commandant of the newly-formed Red Cross Detachment in Blackpool, is engaged to Sub-Lt. Royston Elliott, R.N.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Elliott, of Birkhall, the Esplanade, Fleetwood



*Harlip*

**Elizabeth Una Millar**

"Doollie" Millar has just announced her engagement to Count Amédée Costa de Beauregard. She is the only daughter of the late J. B. Millar, and Mrs. Millar, of 187, Queen's Gate, S.W.7 (now of the Old Dutch House, Bray, Berks.), and has been working at a hospital and also a canteen (Concluded on page 406)





Even in a distressed world there is time to spare a thought for the gift of worth and beauty.

In the showrooms of The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths will be found a wide selection of worthy gifts and most of the stock having been purchased early is free of purchase tax.

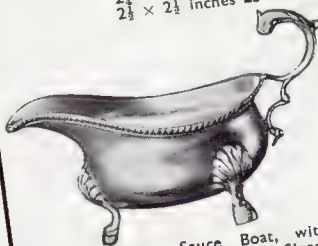
For those who cannot call at the showrooms a special list has been prepared and will be sent, post free, on application.



Six Sterling Silver Tea Spoons "Shirley" pattern, in velvet-lined case, £2 2 0. Each Spoon bears the Hall Mark of one of the Six Assay Offices—London, Sheffield, Birmingham, Chester, Edinburgh & Glasgow.



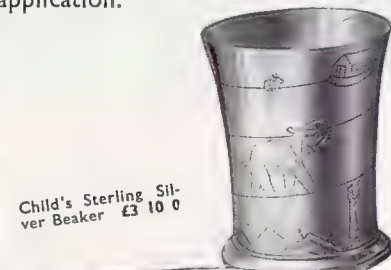
Sterling Silver Engine-turned Vanity Case with 9-carat Gold Thumbpiece.  
2 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches £3 5 0  
2 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches £3 13 6



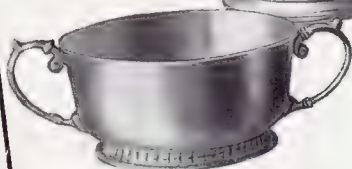
Sterling Silver Sauce Boat, with Gadroon Mount. Three Sizes: £2 15 0; £3 15 0; £5 15 0.



Sterling Silver Tankard, capacity 1 pint £6 15 0



Child's Sterling Silver Beaker £3 10 0



Child's Sterling Silver Bowl £3 17 6



Sterling Silver Muffin Dish with division for Hot Water £7 10 0



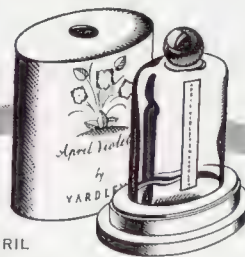
Sterling Silver Pepper Mill. Three Sizes: £1 13 6; £1 15 0; £2 0 0

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VIOLETS  
PERFUME • 3/8 to 67/3



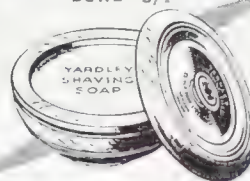
BOND STREET  
PERFUME  
5/6 to 73/4



An old friend  
in a new flask  
LAVENDER PERFUME • 3/1 to 51/4



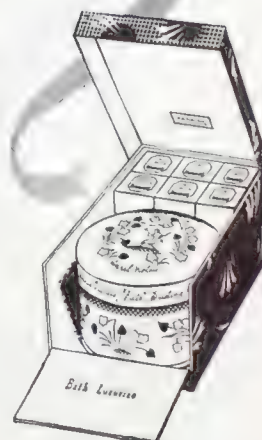
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This is a Christmas of little gifts—charming rather than costly—and there are none so sure of delighted welcome as Yardley gifts, delectable little luxuries dear to the heart of every woman. **AND FOR MEN TOO** there are some so attractive and useful as to earn grateful appreciation from difficult males. These lovely things, priced to suit everybody, await your choice at any good chemist or store.

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in great variety  
3/- to 26/11

## Yardley



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# Getting Married

(Continued from page 404)



Murray—Stewart Jones

Sec. Lieut. Patrick Granville Murray and Diona Stewart Jones, daughter of the late Thorold Stewart Jones, and Mrs. Stewart Jones, of Leckhampstead House, Newbury, Berks., and 97, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Murray, of 24, Montpelier Square, S.W.7



Clark—Shaw Stewart

Capt. George Clark, Welsh Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Clark, of 44, Berkeley Square, W.1, and Lavinia Mariguita Shaw Stewart, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Guy Shaw Stewart, of Ardgowan, Inverkip, Renfrewshire, and the late Mrs. Shaw Stewart, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Baker—Gardner

Patrick Baker, R.A.F., and Helen Gardner, eldest daughter of the late Sir Ernest Gardner, M.P., and Lady Gardner, of Spencers, Maidenhead, Berks., were married at Holy Trinity, Cookham, Berks. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Baker, of Dial Cottage, Maidenhead

## EVERYTHING a Biscuit should be



When the dogfight's over and the Huns have been chased back, then a man is entitled to a biscuit—and even a glass of sherry.

Most messes nowadays have discovered that whatever else is asked for the biscuit must be

Carr's Table Water—the original water biscuit—England's most famous biscuit. The best!



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### ● May we send you a Christmas catalogue?

"Fireside." Once again we feature a fluff cord House Gown, smarter and more cosy than any yet produced. It is amazingly warm and is ideal for chilly winter nights. A full-skirted style, zipp-fronted high to neck, square shouldered and long sleeved. In rouge red, mid blue, or mid green. Bust sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 in. Bust 42 in. 46 in. **44/-**

Please state second choice of colour when ordering.

Dressing Gowns and  
Lingerie, Fourth Floor



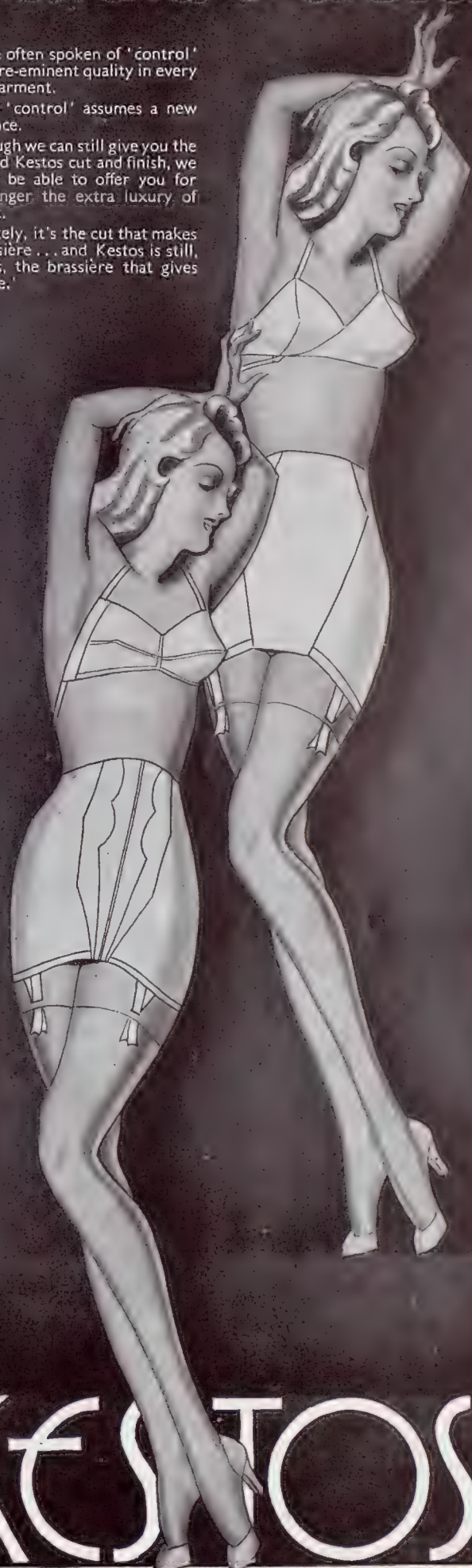
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# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Errata

**M**ONTHS and months ago, in a misguided attempt to ginger things up over here, I made some remarks about American air aid to ourselves, suggesting that we should not place too much store by it. I suppose the thing was unfortunately worded, but the results were horrific. Letters poured in from all over the world. Not one was complimentary. The American press, which had remained silent about the millions of pleasant things I had said about America in twenty-five years of aviation writing, suddenly found my remarks of world interest and importance. For them, or for some of them, it seems that only the rude is news.

Through this unfortunate business one fortunate result has occurred; I have made two close friends in America. They wrote violently to me and I replied with equal violence and the result was a sort of mid-Atlantic explosion leading to calm, content and confidence on both sides.

But as people still continue to misconstrue me, I think I ought to make my position plain and to offer an abject apology to those who, through my oblique manner of expression, were genuinely misled. Let it be known

then, that had those who quoted me in the American press taken the trouble to read that one article in its context with one or two of the other articles that have been appearing under my name for twenty-five years, had they asked any one who knows anything about aviation over here, my actual position would have been plain. But I admit that I did wrap up my genuine grouse with some ill-mannered generalisations which were resented.



*A Bicycling Wren*

*This young Wren pedalled across the airfield to give a last-minute message to a Fleet Air Arm pilot just before he took off. Detachments of the W.R.N.S. are now serving with the F.A.A. at various of the R.N. Air Stations*

And the curious thing is that over here I get abusive letters for being excessively pro-American!

## Statement

**O**NE can, of course, never catch up with misrepresentation and I do not expect my explanation to receive the slightest notice anywhere, whereas I do except misconstructions of what I said to go on appearing until doomsday. But for those who do like the facts, here they are.

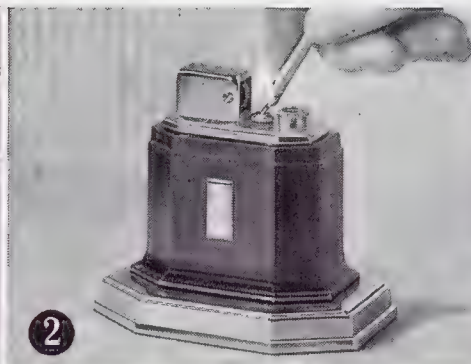
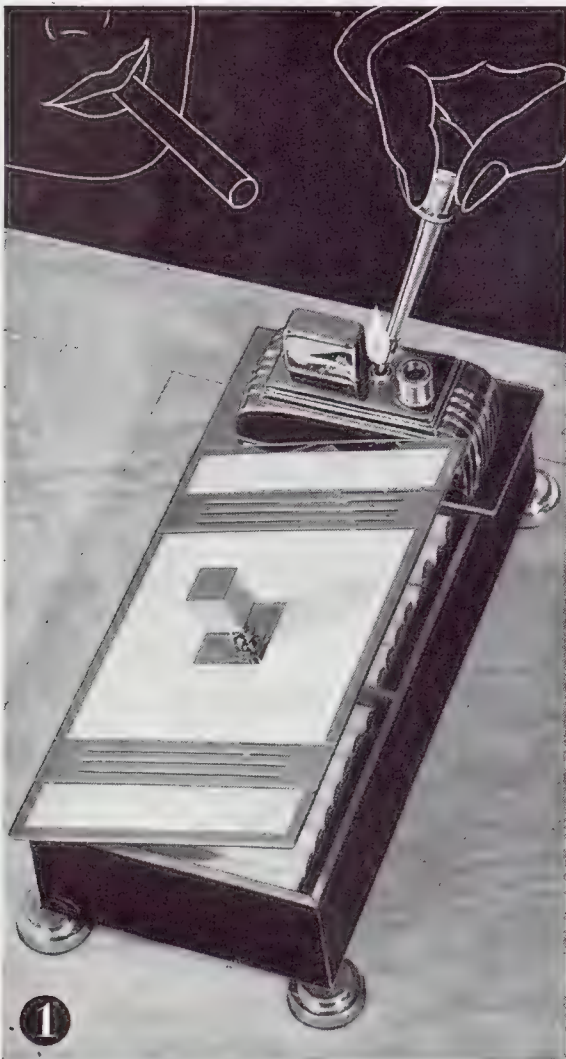
The remarks I made were written at a time when Europe was in torment and when the urgency of the need for help—not only for ourselves but also for France—was at its peak.

From America came news of tremendous and overwhelming aid to be given at once. I believed it all and my spirits rose to the height. Then, as I sat down to write one day, came news that help would not be forthcoming, that monetary aid to one of our allies would not be given, that industrialists in America were against us, that Colonel Lindbergh saw no more merit in our case than in the Axis case and had said so in the loudest terms on a coast-to-coast hook-up and so on.

From the height I went to the depths, for we do take our existence as a nation rather seriously over here, and that emotional collapse caused a dashing of the spirit that led to a dashing off of these same ill-considered remarks. That is the whole of the thing.

As I say, I do not expect that any of those who have done

(Continued on page 410)



## Burning Question— and the answer!

**T**HERE may be a shortage of matches—but who cares when Ronson lighters are as slick and dependable as ever? With their perfect finish and never-failing one-hand action, Ronson are gifts to brag about. And remember—when you give a Ronson you give something that lasts a lifetime.

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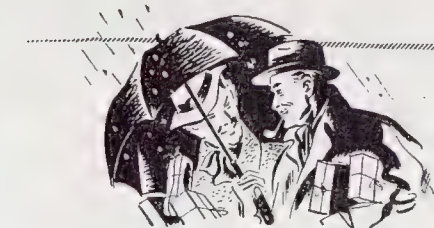
2. "Touchtip." 2104. Enamelled table-lighter in black, white, turquoise, maroon, green or tortoiseshell. Holds 6 months fuel supply, 31/6.

3. Rondelight. 14407. Table or Desk-lighter in black with chromium or coloured bands. Holds 6 months fuel supply, 35/-.

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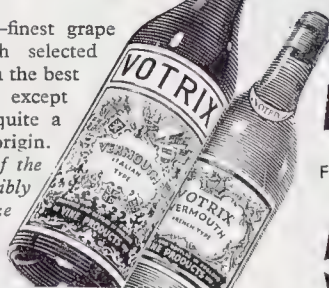


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★ Owing to acute shortage of the large size bottles you may possibly be offered Votrix in ordinary size bottles in which case the prices are 3/6 Italian style and 4/- French style. ★

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STYLE  
(Sweet)

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# How much SLEEP do we need?



WE are all concerned about our sleep nowadays. How much should we have?

"Eight hours' sleep for a man, nine for a woman, ten for a fool." The famous Dr. John Hunter, Surgeon-Extraordinary to King George III, gave that advice.



Is there any truth in it? No. Men sleep more restlessly than women, and therefore need *more* sleep, not less.

How do we know men sleep restlessly?

Dr. Glenville Giddings, famous American research scientist, made tests with a "hypnograph." This is an ingenious instrument for recording automatically the movements of a sleeping person.

A plunger is attached to the bed-springs. This moves every time the sleeper moves, and makes or breaks an electric contact. These electric "on and off's" are conveyed by wire to the next room where another instrument records them.

Dr. Giddings found that "females are sounder sleepers than males. They not only get to sleep more quickly but sleep more quietly through the night."

Mr. H. M. Johnson, of the Mellon Institute, also found that husbands stir 40% more than their wives!

**"8 for a man,  
9 for a woman,  
10 for a fool,"**

they used to say  
Were they right?

to sleep. One thing is sure. A few hours of *deep* sleep are worth many hours of shallow sleep.

ALL of us belong to one of three sleep groups. Sometimes we sleep deep down, deaf to noises, untroubled by dreams. That is 1st Group Sleep. We wake from it rested in body and mind. The hypnograph apparatus would record little movement during such sleep.

At other times we lie uneasily on the surface. This may mean that we sleep right through the night, but so "shallowly" and restlessly that we wake tired, depressed, without any heart for the day.

Or, even worse, it may mean lying awake, straining our ears at every sound, making plans for

future action, worrying over anything and everything, and then worrying anew because sleep will not come.



Eight or nine hours of such shallow sleep, or jerky anxious dozing, do you less good than four or five hours of 1st Group Sleep.

The great value of Horlicks is precisely that it helps to give you 1st Group Sleep. People find that after a cup of hot Horlicks last thing, they go to sleep more easily and sleep more deeply. They waken refreshed—fit and alert, ready to face the day and any difficulties it may bring.

You will find the same. It is not how long you sleep that counts, but how well. Take a cup of hot Horlicks last thing tonight and get 1st Group Sleep.

Things will look so much better tomorrow!



JOHN WESLEY thought too much sleep was "stupid, unseemly, enervating." He had been used to going to bed at ten o'clock and rising at eight. But he then waked around midnight and concluded this was due to "lying in bed longer than nature required."

So he set an alarm clock for seven. Still he lay awake for some time in the middle of the night. He then set his alarm for six. Then for five. At last for four o'clock. This proved to be early enough: he ceased to lie awake. And the old stalwart arose at 4 a.m. for the next sixty years! (But he often dozed when someone was talking to him!)

The truth is that nobody knows for certain just how long we need



# Air Eddies

(Continued from page 408)

me the disservice of quoting, re-quoting, publishing, disseminating and emphasising those few remarks far and wide without ever once alluding to the millions of other pro-American remarks I have made, to make amends. After all with the modern Press (and I do not exclude the British Press) the "story's" the thing and nobody cares a hang about the truth.

Still, as those who know me can testify, I am a genuine Yankophil and it will take more than a flood of abusive letters to change me.

## Tarantello

WHEN I was talking to a Royal Air Force friend the other day about fighting the Italians, he expressed the rather unexpected view that he preferred fighting the Germans because they were tougher and that, in consequence, one felt greater satisfaction in overcoming them. Nevertheless the public reaction to the Taranto attack by members of the Fleet Air Arm was remarkable. There was jubilation in the air. The attack was conceded to be one of the most brilliant of all air operations. But everywhere I came across two things, which seemed in a way contradictory; the first was rejoicing that we had hit the Italians and the second was lack of intense dislike for the Italians.

I cannot begin to explain this curious dual attitude. But I have noticed it in many quarters. There is delight when the Italians get a knock, yet not that intense desire to overcome them that there is in relation to the Germans. It may be



## Promoted

Squadron Officer Dacre, W.A.A.F., has recently been promoted to Wing Officer (equivalent to Wing Commander in the R.A.F.). She is the wife of an airman, Air Commodore G. Bentley Dacre, D.S.O., and the mother of another A/c. 2 K. F. Dacre. She was one of the original members of the Executive of the A.T.S. in 1938, transferred to the W.A.A.F. in September, 1939, and is one of the first six senior officers of this service. She is a sister of Captain Sir Ian Fraser, M.P.

that there is a widespread understanding that the real enemy is and always has been Germany and not Italy. I do not know. But the fact of the dual reaction is there.

## New Appointments

THE new appointments in the Royal Air Force will freshen things up, like changing the water in the vase. Sir Hugh Dowding now goes to America on a special mission for the Ministry of Aircraft Production and Air Marshal Sholto Douglas succeeds him as Commander-in-Chief of the Fighter Command.

Sir Hugh has done fine work in the defence of these islands. Indeed, when the full history of the war comes to be written his work will be seen to be even more brilliant than has yet emerged. One only has to compare the air defence problems as they were in 1914-18 and as they were in August and September of this year to appreciate that in some things enormous strides have been made in air defence technique.

Air Marshal Sholto Douglas is obviously the right man to take on the Fighter Command. And I like, too, the appointment of Air Marshal E. L. Gossage to the Balloon Command, whose rôle in defence may in the future become still more important than in the past.

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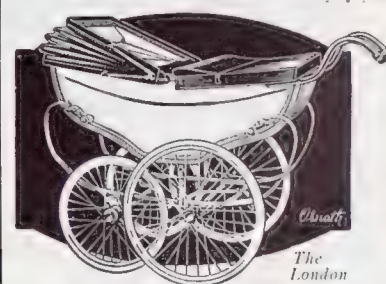
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The Royal Cancer Hospital claims to offer the greatest dividend on funds entrusted to its care. Every penny contributed to this worthy institution means Hope for another sufferer from the dread disease of Cancer. The return on YOUR investment is measured not in figures, but in lightness of heart, in the uplifting of a downcast spirit, in the restoration of a human soul to the joy of living. . . .

**The  
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Hospital**  
(FREE)

This much is certain: wars between nations never endure, but the work of The Royal Cancer Hospital must go on so that the terrible yearly total of over 70,000 deaths be confined and reduced and the menace of Cancer swept away from our lives.

Please send a gift to the Secretary  
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5,400 LITTLE ONES NOW IN OUR CARE

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SOCIETY

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## THESE CAUSES DESERVE YOUR

### *The Church Army*

IN war as in peace the Church Army faces its task of relieving and aiding the burdens that have fallen upon those unfortunate people who are without means or who are sufferers in health. Now, with the added stress of war and the widespread effects of air raids, many more calls will be made upon the resources of the Church Army—resources that are measured by the generosity of the friends that donate to its funds. This Christmas, that friendship will mean much to the comfort of the homeless, the aged and afflicted, and the members of the Services who are defending their country with all they possess—their life. You can make their Christmas brighter by sending contributions to Church Army Headquarters, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

### *The Waifs and Strays Society*

NOW, as the second winter of war is upon us, the Waifs and Strays Society is confronted with the problem of caring for its record number of young charges. Over five thousand little children are now dependent on the Society for protection and aid. The recent bombings have swelled the register with homeless, parentless infants who, but for the Society, would be left in dire circumstances. Though the call on the Society's Homes has increased, the income has dropped and it is becoming increasingly difficult to carry on. Any contributions would be gratefully received by the Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.



*The Harvest of Hope and Happiness*

### *The Salvation Army*

GREAT demands have been made upon the Salvation Army during one year of war and they were all met with great response. Red Shield Clubs were opened for men and women in the Services at the rate of one a day, sixty of them being in France. When the British Forces evacuated these clubs were lost and stores and equipment worth £65,000 were abandoned. Yet, the good work continues in face of all adversity. Centres are operating in Africa, the Middle East, Gibraltar, Malta, and Iceland. A fleet of mobile canteens and comforts vans visited isolated units stationed around the British Isles. Centres are operating at naval bases and R.A.F. stations. Many of these Red Shield Clubs have fallen victim to enemy bombing, but with loyal support from generous donors, the Salvation Army will be able to continue the splendid work it has undertaken as well as providing for its main task of relieving suffering among the poor. Any gifts which you can spare should be addressed to the Secretary, Salvation Army, 122 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

### *The National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children*

THE N.S.P.C.C. rescues over one hundred thousand little ones each year from unnecessary cruelty and neglect. Now, during the abnormal emotional times of war, the Society's task is as great as before; vigilance cannot be lessened. Christmas being the Children's Festival, they should be assured the gentleness and understanding that is their right. Contributions will be most gratefully received by Sir George Wyatt Truscott, Bt., N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.



### Many Children are Happy

because their plight became known to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. More than 100,000 are rescued annually from all forms of ill-treatment and neglect.

Today the Society is bringing long experience to help smooth out difficulties of wartime child welfare.

Will you help this National Service to ensure a Happy Childhood for our Future Citizens?

Do please SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT for unhappy children, to

SIR G. W. TRUSCOTT, BT., HON. TREASURER,

Victory House,  
Leicester Square,

**N.S.P.C.C.**  
NATIONAL SOCIETY for  
the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN

London, W.C.2,  
England



## SUPPORT THIS CHRISTMAS

### John Groom's Crippleage

THE indiscriminate enemy bombings have forced John Groom's Orphanage to evacuate from Clacton-on-Sea and remove to Bridgnorth, Shropshire, where one hundred and fifty orphan girls are now under its care. At Edgware Way over two hundred crippled girls are making flowers and learning to become self-reliant and happy individuals. There is a long waiting list of applications from those who may remain unemployable cripples unless they can gain admission to John Groom's. Naturally, everything possible is done to meet these tragic cases, but funds have to be found, and now the Crippleage is dependent on the kindness of benefactors who can donate any sum to help rescue these crippled children from a life of despair and futility. At Clacton a series of fêtes had brought in about £2,000 per annum. However, all that is gone and now any contribution that you may spare is urgently required. They should be sent to John Groom's Crippleage and Flower-Girls' Mission, 37 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

### The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free)

NO warfare is more vicious than the struggle against cancer. This is a war that goes on night and day, unrelenting and unabated. It is a struggle that is being waged for the ultimate good of all mankind—a fight that knows no issues nor schemes. It is a battle for man himself. The foe is constant and has to be met with constancy. Over seventy thousand casualties annually are the result of this silent enemy's ravages. Your defence against this menace is a contribution to the fortress that stands against cancer—The Royal Cancer Hospital. Please send a donation, however small, to win a fight that is the most splendid of all. Address your gifts to The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

### Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THE family is a large one—eight thousand two hundred and fifty strong! They too look forward to a Merry Christmas. It is in your power to see these eager young hopes gratified. Many of the children's fathers are serving



Three smart girls from Barnardo's

### British Prisoners of War Fund

THERE are now prisoners in Germany tens of thousands of British soldiers and seamen who were captured in France while they gallantly held off the first overwhelming rush of the enemy attack. It was the sacrifice of these men that enabled us to prepare defences against another such attack and to arm ourselves mightily for the coming engagements. Today these men are ill-housed, badly clothed and underfed. The Red Cross endeavours to send them food. Another society, however, helps to keep up their spirits, The British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund. By sending books, games and sporting equipment the Fund helps the men to pass the difficult days more enjoyably. Sir Hugh Walpole is the head. Money is required, as gifts in kind are not allowed. Any donations should be sent to Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1.

## Christmas Greetings

Greetings to the brave men who are defending our land, to the very poor, to the lonely, the aged, and to the gentlewomen in distress... may their Christmas be one of happiness.

If you will play a part in the Church Army Christmas Programme you will help to ensure this happiness for many.

A large Centre for Troops can be provided and named for £500, a Mobile Canteen (which works among isolated units) for £250.

Please send your greetings to:—  
Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army,  
55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1

## Church Army

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

DON'T LET THE WAR  
SPOIL THE CHILDREN'S  
CHRISTMAS!

8,250

Boys and Girls  
constantly supported.

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS

TOWARDS THE MAINTENANCE  
OF THIS NATIONAL WORK WILL  
BE HEARTILY WELCOMED.

10/- feeds one Child for  
10 days at the  
CHRISTMAS SEASON.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr.  
Barnardo's Homes, should be sent  
to 330 Barnardo House, Stepney  
Causeway, London, E.1.



OVER 2,700 BARNARDO OLD BOYS AND GIRLS SERVING



Scattered over Great Britain are hundreds of crippled girls living in poor homes. No money, no influence, no work, no hope—except for admittance to our Crippleage, where they find a congenial home and are trained to make exquisite flowers. By their earnings they become partially self-supporting.

At John Groom's Crippleage we have a large number of such girls, *all crippled beyond recovery!* But what of those others on our waiting list, who have been hoping against hope that their turn will surely come next? What can we do for them? IF only we had sufficient funds. . . .

War conditions have increased our difficulties enormously, and some of our regular sources of income have been cut off. We have also another great responsibility . . . the maintenance of an Orphanage for 150 girls whose ages range from infancy to 15 years. IF only each reader of this journal would send us a CHRISTMAS OFFERING it would help to solve our problem. We must carry on.

President: The Rt. Hon. Lord Radstock. Annual Report gladly sent on request. SAMPLE ROSE, made by our Cripples, sent for 3d. in stamps.

## JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE

AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

37 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

Will friends who have assisted us in the past, and who have since moved, kindly advise us of their new address so that we can send the usual Rose.



# Get back to PEACE

## for a while..



## With the Christmas Number of THE TATLER

THE Christmas Number of THE TATLER takes you back to the good old days of goodwill and happiness. Your shopping list will be smaller this year, but you must have this cheerful issue in the home for everybody to enjoy.

### Here are some of the contents:

The Lady in Mink — From the Portrait of Claire Luce by A. S. Megyes.

"It was still snowing . . ." A Christmas note by Hailstone.

"Trouble on the Lot" —

By Theodora Benson.

"Digging for Victory" and "The Dog Shop" — Nine delightful dog studies by C. Ambler.

"The Ring Master" — Memories of Happy Circus Days, from the painting by J. Young Gilroy.

The Hopeful Ski-ing Enthusiast depicted by Hailstone.

"You Can't Be Too Careful" — The Pantomime Season 1940, as seen by George Ternent.

"Review of British Cavalry by Marlborough and Prince Eugene at Heppach—June 11th, 1704—A magnificent double-page reproduction in colour of the water-colour painting by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

"Home Guard Drummond" —

By Mary Dunn

"A Ruby Worth Eleven Hundred Pounds" — By Gerald Kersh.

"Christmas Spirit" —

By H. T. W. Bousfield, illustrated by Leo Dowd.

"When Grandpapa Was Young" — By R. B. van Wart, illustrated by Dennis Mallet.

## To Be Sure of YOUR Copy

Order it from your regular newsagent  
or get it now at the

## NEAREST BOOKSTALL

## Way of the War

(Continued from page 369)



Johnson, Oxford

### Rumanian Friends of England

M. Tilea, the former Rumanian Ambassador in London, has remained in England and is now living at Holton Place in Oxfordshire, where he is taking up farming, in which he has always been interested, as a full-time job. With him here are his wife, Mme. Tilea, who shares his love of the country, and a guest, Princess Anne Marie Calimachi (centre)

For a long time past the level-headed people of America have known for themselves that British dollar resources were not inexhaustible. President Roosevelt, Mr. Cordell Hull and Mr. Morgenthau have discussed that position up hill and down dale with Lord Lothian and other British experts during the past year. By himself raising the public debate immediately on reaching American soil, the British Ambassador has probably helped the administration.

Only the other day the American Institute of Public Opinion found that fifty-four per cent of the people now favoured legislation to enable Britain to float loans for her war purchases. Six months ago sixty-five per cent of the people interviewed were opposed. That shows the beginning of an important swing. There is even a growing school of thought in open advocacy of American entry into the war with men and machines of all types.

### Man-Power Problem

BEFORE the war against Germany is ended, Britain will certainly be faced with a very serious man-power problem. It is inevitable when a nation of our numerical strength is at grips with another twice our size. That fact is not overlooked, either here or in the United States. But I fancy it will need a good many incidents like the *Lusitania* to drag the States to an open declaration of war on this occasion.

Even so, it is interesting to find a broadcast debate staged in Washington the other day on this very theme. Said Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, editor of the new illustrated daily *P.M.*: "I believe England's war is our war and that if England loses it we shall find ourselves on the edge of a totalitarian world." Mr. Ingersoll was supported by Mr. Rex Stout, author and lecturer, who maintained that practically and morally the United States were at war already.

"Britain's boys are flying our aeroplanes—paid for—against men who have said a thousand times that they were out to destroy the democracies of the world," said Mr. Stout. "Her men are sailing our destroyers—also paid for—against those who have already crushed freedom on the European continent and threaten it everywhere." A stout fellow, Mr. Stout.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON.

DEC.

Name { Mrs.  
Mr.

Address



# A EUGENE WAVE

*is decorative, useful & lasting*



May we suggest you give Eugene waves as Christmas presents, making the appointments now?

*Permanently Yours  
Eugene*



*Exquisite  
Lingerie*



A CHARMING GIFT . . .

A filmy nightdress of silk chiffon with Empire corsage of fine tucks and ruching. In ivory, black, peach or cyclamen, with contrasting wide satin ribbon sash.

**4½**  
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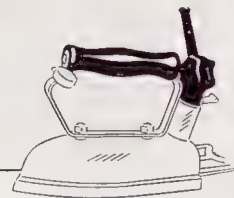
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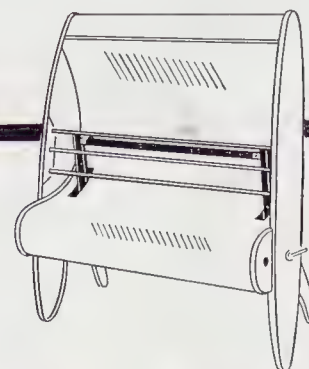


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*The wise...and patriotic  
...buyer to-day, looks  
for long-lasting, hard-  
wearing qualities.*

*Just the qualities, in  
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electrical necessities  
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***Everything Electrical  
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*Sold by all Electrical Suppliers*

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# finger-tip TONIC

IF YOU'RE WEARING last year's suit, or if you feel tired after long hours on duty, or if your nerves are all shot to pieces, try a little of this feminine tonic! Take a bottle of Peggy Sage nail varnish. Apply polish to the nails from half-moon to tip. Draw a fine white hairline round the rim. Look at your hands, and see if you don't feel a return of gaiety, a little



flame of courage and excitement kindled within you.

WHIMSY, a lovely subdued rose, is essentially soothing and discreet. FEZ is dark and stimulating. REGENCY is frankly sentimental. MANTILLA leads the mauve-toned group and adds a touch of dash to last year's dress.

OF COURSE, all Peggy Sage's polishes wear hard and long, standing up to the most exacting wartime demands.

YOU CAN BUY Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

*Peggy Sage*

*Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist*

SALONS:

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## UNIFORMS BY LILLYWHITES Piccadilly Circus

W.R.N.S. A.T.S. W.A.A.F.  
M.T.C. F.A.N.Y. W.V.S.

Though uniforms may not differ by a jot or button from regulation pattern, yet perfect cut and expert fitting give a smartness that is unmistakable and easily recognized. Our tailors, in the Lillywhite tradition, give this distinction to these uniforms, which are ready to wear or made to measure.

The A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. uniforms photographed are stocked in bust sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, and cost **7½ gns.**  
Plus Purchase Tax - 18/5





BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.



*This  
Christmas*

*head  
your  
gift list  
with*

**BOOTH'S  
DRY GIN**

*Quality  
ACHIEVED BY  
Maturity*

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

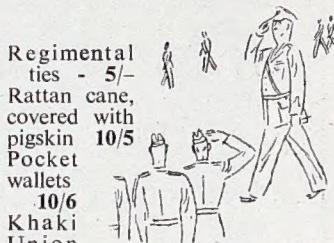


## ALL PRESENTS AND CORRECT!

It is part of the Austin Reed Service to see that men get plenty of goodwill and best wishes this Christmas—they've earned them. So we have on parade a very fine body of gifts—useful, comfortable, and cheerful. Write for our Christmas book, which is full of suggestions, a few of which are listed below. We will dispatch your parcels direct, if you like, with any enclosure you care to send or an appropriate message of greeting. If your parcels are for members of His Majesty's Forces, at home or abroad we will, of course, pay both postage and insurance.

### FOR THE OFFICER

Regimental ties - 5/-  
Rattan cane, covered with pigskin 10/5  
Pocket wallets 10/6  
Khaki Union twill shirts, including 2 collars 17/6  
Regimental leather tobacco pouch 15/3  
Fitted dressing cases - 47/6  
Officer's grip, 21", tan-mail canvas 55/-



### FOR EVERYMAN

Lustre shirts, including two collars 8/6 to 21/-  
Ties - 2/6, 3/6  
Sock suspenders from 2/6  
9-ct. gold cuff links 35/-  
Shaving brushes from 4/6  
Elastic webbing braces, plain colours and fancy stripes - 4/6  
Handkerchiefs - 1/- to 4/6 each  
Initialled linen handkerchiefs 1/6 and 2/3 each  
Tenova socks, fancy designs 3/6 to 7/6  
"Captain" Schick electric razor - 82/2  
Standard safety razors 2/6 to 30/-



### FOR THE HOME GUARD

Balaclava helmets - 7/11  
Khaki "Oxford" collar-attached shirts - 12/6  
Windcheater, long sleeves, showerproof - 13/6  
Wool cardigans - 25/5  
fleece linings 30/- and 35/6



### FOR THE MAN

**AT EASE**  
Leather slippers, woolly lining, soft sole 12/6  
Self shade, shadow stripe lustre pyjamas 12/6  
Corduroy trousers - 30/-  
Camel hair dressing gowns - 97/6  
Brocade dressing gowns 25/6, 30/-, 35/6



### FOR THE MAN AFLOAT

Ivory lustre shirts 10/6  
The Reliant life jacket - 47/6  
The "Vitabuoy" watchcoat (will keep the wearer afloat and upright for at least 72 hours) - £7  
Hood 19/6 extra



**AUSTIN REED**  
OF REGENT STREET

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## WHO NEVER GETS A HEADACHE?

If there is any one who never gets a headache, who never wakes up in the morning with a head feeling muzzy and woolly and unable to concentrate and think clearly, this is not for him. But for nine out of ten of us, here is something really important.

When you get a headache, whether it is caused by a disturbed night, overwork, or worry or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, ten to one you're suffering from an "acid condition" as well. It's little good taking something to ease the pain unless you get rid of the acidity as well. Your headache is bound to come back.

Next time take a sparkling, bubbling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the two-fold cure for headaches. It contains no Aspirin, has no awkward laxative effects, but it shifts the worst headache like magic and at the same time it counteracts the acid which is the real cause of your head.

Get a bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

## THAT COLD is a case for VAPEX

Don't yield to invading cold germs. Attack their breeding places, at the back of nose and throat, with Vapex. A drop on your handkerchief provides a pleasant, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic vapour, deep-breathed to destroy germ colonies. Stuffiness and congestion are quickly relieved; entire respiratory system is stimulated to dispel cold naturally—safely.

From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/4  
including Purchase Tax  
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

THE NATION CANNOT AFFORD COLDS

Better in all ways

# NUFIX

**For Hair Health and Perfect Grooming**



**Eliminates SCURF-DANDRUFF**

*Handy, convenient & safe to carry*

BOTTLES 6" 1/- 1/6 - TUBES 6" 1/-  
INCLUDING TAX 7/- 1/3 1/9 - INCLUDING TAX 7/- 1/3

AT CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS, STORES & N.A.A.F.I.  
WALDEN & CO (NUFIX) LTD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9.



## The best of good Fare

Truly characteristic of the Briton is his preference for Player's. Typical of that simple good taste which concerns itself with simple things—good tobacco, for instance. Inevitable that Player's should become as much a part of Christmas as the pudding or the holly!

And so, what more in keeping with the spirit of the Season, than a gift of Player's?



# Player's



H. L. S. says:

## THERE'S NO NEED TO PAY MORE FOR SHOES!

If you have usually paid from two to three guineas, try "Wearra" next time. They are "grade one" quality, beautifully made from finest calf skins by British shoemakers. And you'll be astounded by what you save!

Made in sizes and half-sizes, with slim, medium and broad fittings to each.

Three American-styled models in black or tan calf.



## Wearra

MULTIPLE FITTING SHOES FOR MEN

Send a postcard for free illustrated booklet "Footwear since the World began" also name of local stockists to the manufacturers  
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14thlingborough,  
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## RIDE AND KEEP FIT

THE BEST WARTIME SERVICE IS TO KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH. RIDING IS THE FINEST EXERCISE FOR FITNESS.

All Riding Requisites—good value and low charges.

To Measure  
Jodhpurs 28'-to 65'-  
Breeches 25'-to 60'-  
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Jodhpurs 35'- & 45'-  
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Goods sent on approval against suitable references

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**Bedford Riding Breeches & Co.**  
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Two minutes from the Marble Arch

## FOR YOU MADAM

THE ADVERTISEMENTS displayed in this newspaper contain much of importance to thrifty housewives. Study them regularly.

## TORBAY HOTEL TORQUAY

Tel.: 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay  
100 bedrooms  
SPECIAL TERMS FOR H.M. SERVICES  
WRITE FOR TARIFF T





#### NORTH BRITISH SUPERCHARGED S.S.

Supplied with or without the TWIN-DOT marking (as illustrated) for easy identification.

30/- per doz. 15/- half doz.  
Including purchase tax.  
Recess or Lattice.

#### NORTH BRITISH '18'

A very popular ball.

24/- per doz.  
Including purchase tax.  
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#### NORTH BRITISH 'PIN-HI'

High performance at low cost.

18/- per doz. 9/- half doz.  
Including purchase tax.  
Recess or Mesh.

knows that this seasonal gift is something more than "just a present". He knows that NORTH BRITISH Golf Balls—more than anything else—will help him to enjoy his game—to bring down the figures, and to walk off the 18th victorious! War or no war—nothing will please a golfer's heart more than a gift of North British Golf Balls.



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